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FREEDOM'S NATAL DAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY NICHOLAS NILES.

Above all days we cherish dear
This day, which marks our freedom's birth;
Ring out, O bells! both loud and clear,
And let your echoes compass earth.

Ring out for patriots staunch and brave,
Who struck the blow that made us free;
Ring out for those whose courage gave
Their land the boon of liberty.

Above us floats the flag whose stars
In glory shine to light the world;
No stain that flag we honor mars,
But proudly is it still unfurled—

Unfurled to those whose eager eyes
Are turned to this broad land of ours,
Where safe the blessed promise lies
Of freedom, with its God-right powers.

They could not read the future then,
Nor scan the years' unvisioned roll—
Those five-and-fifty dauntless men
Who wrote their names on freedom's scroll.

They builded better than they knew,
Their giant task was nobly done;
Yet is there work for us to do
To hold the treasure which they won.

So not with boastful spirits we
Exult in our inheritance,
For still the price of liberty
Is everlasting vigilance.

Not always in these hundred years
Has Peace, white-robed, above us stood;
The nation's blood, the nation's tears,
Have mingled for the nation's good.

Give us, O King! to whom we kneel,
That larger faith of other days,
That courage rare, that holy zeal,
To tread in Thine and Freedom's ways.

When rugged truth shall rooted be
In every heart, in every breast;
When honor and integrity
Above all things are counted best;

When they who guide the ship of State
Shall bend the neck to none but Thee;
When simple worth is reckoned great,
Then shall our land indeed be free!

So on this day we cherish dear,
This day which marks a nation's birth,
Let bells ring out both loud and clear,
Till Freedom's echo spans the earth!

REAH, OR A LIFE FOR A LOVE.

A Story of Friendship Betrayed, Retribution and Love.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LILY MELVILLE," "CHRISTMAS BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

O life! thou art a galling load
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I.—BURNS.

Adrien Leroy paused to light a cigar; then, buttoning his opera cloak across his broad chest, he descended the stairs. The footman, with a gesture of respect that almost amounted to awe, preceded and opened the door for him. With that grand, reposeful hauteur upon his magnificent face, the idol of fashion passed into the street. His cab had gone to the stables; the night was bitterly cold, and he thrust his hands deep into his pockets, bent his head slightly against the biting wind, and started at a quick, swinging stride for his chambers.

"A wild night," he thought, looking up at the gaslight flickering in one of the street-lamps, "a cruel night in many a one. Thank Heaven, it has cleared the street."

Even as the words left his lips, his half-dreaming, half-mournful eyes rested upon a something leaning in the shadow of a house-porch, its shrinking figure shrouded in an old shawl, its face hidden in its hands. Adrien Leroy stopped and turned to look at it with that gentle earnestness which the women of his set found so irresistible, and, turning from his path, strode up the steps to where the girl crouched. She heard his step, and lifted her face from her hands. Expecting to see the usual face, terrible in its mockery of gayety and heart-rending in its earnestness of woe, Adrien Leroy felt a sudden shock of surprise—pleasureable surprise. The face was that of a girl of about seventeen, perfectly oval, dark, almost olive, with large, full eyes, defiant but beautiful, and a mouth that, but for a curious hardness in the curve, might have been charming—a beautiful face, and, what was more, a fresh one. He raised his hat slightly—the Leroy fashion when talking to woman, dairymaid or countess—and, dropping his handsome head, said quietly:

"My girl, this is late, and a wild night for you to be out. Are you not cold?"

She stared at him, her eyes wonderingly but leisurely resting, first upon his face, with the deep, gentle eyes, then upon the diamonds at his wrist, and then back to his face again. He repeated the question, and touched the hand—a long, well-shaped one, though blue with the cold—that was nearest him.

"You are cold, are you not, child?"

"Very," she opened her lips to answer, in a low but firm voice, her eyes still fixed with admiring surprise upon his face.

"I thought so," he said, straightening himself and speaking with marvelous tenderness. "Where do you live? Where is your home?"

"Cracknell court," she replied, and let her eyes drop to his hand, which was already feeling for his purse.

"Soho?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Have you no father?"

"No," she said in exactly the same tone—one of patient resignation, that was almost defiant in its low firmness.

"No mother?"

"No," she said; "only Johann Wilfer."

Something—accent or expression—in the reply struck Adrien Leroy, and he scrutinized her dark face for a moment in silence.

"Are you English, my child?" he asked.

"English?" she repeated. "I suppose so. Nobody said I wasn't. English? I suppose so. You are English, aren't you?"

He nodded.

"Yes, too English to let you perish in the cold, my child," he murmured inaudibly to her, and looking down thoughtfully. It was his intention to help her, but how?

"Why have you left your home?" he asked.

"Johann came home drunk and beat me, and I came out."

She dropped the flimsy shawl and held up one arm. Underneath it there were three large bruises, showing up cruelly distinct upon the white skin. The aristocrat's eye flashed angrily while he wondered at the firmness of the arm.

"Beat you, did he?" he said. "And not your father? Whom else do you live with? Have you no one to protect you?"

"There's Martha, but she's deaf. It's very cold."

"Cruelly for you," he said curtly, but not unkindly. "See, there is some money for you, but that will not warm you ——"

She interrupted him with a laugh that was solemnly ironical, and put back his hand with her small, icy one.

"Johann'll get it," she said, drawing her shawl round her. "Johann gets everything."

"Excepting the blows," thought the aristocrat, dropping the sovereign into his pocket and unbuttoning his coat.

"You will not go home," he said, "if I take you?"

She shook her head, and in doing so released a shower of dark chestnut hair from the dingy shawl.

"No," she said, "not till morning. I shall be all right then—not till morning."

"Before then you will be dead with cold," he thought, taking her hand and looking up and down the street in indecision.

She seemed to have heard his thoughts.

"I wish I was dead," she said quietly, and with a sharp, harsh laugh, that jarred upon the refined senses of the man of fashion, coming from such well-shaped lips and backed by the bitter mockery of such deep, childlike eyes.

The sentence decided him, however.

"I cannot leave you here, my girl," he said. "Money is of no use to you. Will you come with me?"

He took off his coat as he spoke, and buttoned it round her light, supple form.

She submitted passively, but looked with wonderful amazement at the rich, black clothes and white shirt-front.

He held out his hand, and without a word she laid her own cold one within it, and the two descended the steps. They proceeded in silence for the length of two squares, and then the girl stopped suddenly, wrenched her hand from his, and commenced unbuttoning the coat.

He looked down at her with calm attention.

"What are you going to do?"

In answer she struggled out of the coat, and with a flush on her face and a bright light in her eyes held it up to him.

"I won't have it," she said through her pale lips; "you'll be cold."

Adrien Leroy smiled, and quietly wrapped her in it again. She stopped with a stubborn look.

"I won't come," she said; "you'll be frozen. I am used to cold; you're not. I won't wear it."

"Keep it on, my girl," he said in the low tones of command which none ever disobeyed. "I am stronger and older than you, and a man. I am not cold."

She hesitated a moment; but the tone and the smile were irresistible, and, reluctantly returning her hand to his grasp, she walked on beside him with a light, springy step, that, owing to her badly-shod feet, was a noiseless one. Adrien Leroy kept her walking as quickly as he could, for the cold was growing intense, and he could feel her little hand within his own was growing cramped. But she was tired as well as half-frozen, and, glancing at her uncertain steps, he stooped and took her in his arms.

"We are nearly there," he said, smiling to reassure her. "You are as light as a feather, child — lighter than friend Johann's hand. We shall soon be in a warm room."

There she lay in his arms, her head against his spotless shirt-front with the three priceless pearls. She seemed perfectly content, perfectly assured, and nodded with a trusting closure of the dark eyes. Adrien Leroy was strong, and, as he had said, the child's weight was but as a feather to his sinewy arms and broad chest. He hurried on quickly, with long strides, but his face was very earnest and very thoughtful.

"Where can I take her?" he asked himself. His steps were bent for his chambers, and he could see the mansion in which they stood rising in the street before him. "She is an innocent child. Can I take her to my chambers without injury to her poor shred of reputation? Yet what else can I do? No houses open, Johann of the strong arm drunk, and expecting his victim at home in Soho? She must come with me, poor child."

Of course it never occurred to him to retrace his steps and deliver her to the charge of Miss Haidee. That would have been committing a greater cruelty than to have left her to freeze in the stucco-portico of the house in the square. Within a hundred yards of his chambers he stopped short. One other refuge remained—the refuge for the homeless and helpless. He turned down the street at whose corner he had paused, and rang the bell of the great prison-house of the poor. An official, frocked and braided like a turnkey, drew the rusty bolts and struck back the wicket.

"Well?" he said curtly. "What's up?"

"I want you to take this poor child in for the night," said Adrien quietly. "I found her on a doorstep in Colman square."

The man looked hard, first at the aristocratic face of the bearer, then at the dark one of the burden.

"Come, now, that won't do," he said half angrily, and half with amusement. "It's rather late to play jokes of this sort. Take the gal home."

Adrien turned without another word, and the man, laughing grimly, flung to the wicket. Opening the door of one of the large mansions, Adrien entered the hall and turned up the lamp. Then, with the girl still in his arms, he walked up the stairs, pushed open a door on the first floor, and entered a room. A low light was burning, held by a statuette of white marble, placed in a recess lined with pink satin. Adrien turned up the light and set the girl down on her feet.

"Home at last," he said with a smile, "and now come to the fire."

But the girl seemed turned to stone with astonishment, and there was for her almost sufficient excuse. No fortunate mortal dropping into the fairy palace of King Goldenlove in a Christmas pantomime could be more overwhelmed by the magnificence of his new quarters, than this half-frozen gipsy street-waif was at the four walls around her, and the luxuries they contained. Her large eyes wandered up and down the velvet-draped walls, with their glistening ancient and modern gems—all small, as gems should be—to the gold and delicately inlaid furniture, to the exquisitely rose-tinted statuettes standing clean and clearly against the rich color of the hangings, to the cunningly-cut Venetian glass, to the thousand and one wonderful contents of the superb apartment, and thence to that most beautiful of all —the face of its owner. He smiled with faint amusement at her evident amazed admiration, and, drawing a chair up to the fire, that burnt brightly in the grate of polished steel and ormolu, surmounted and surrounded by its mantel, that was a marvel even in its birthplace—Florence—said:

"Come and warm yourself."

With her eyes wandering again, she trod delicately over the thick Turkey-piled carpet, and dropped with a sigh into the chair.

"Give me your hands," he said, bending over her and rubbing her blue hands. "Don't hold them near the fire yet."

He had seen the monks of St. Bernard chafing a rescued wanderer, and knew the danger of too sudden and fierce heat.

"That is better. They are warm now, are they not? And now we will have some supper."

He turned from the fire, and touched with his forefinger a flaming ruby that burned and flashed on the forehead of a marble Juno standing with a candelabra in her grasp. No sound was heard, but in a few minutes the door opened noiselessly, and a thin, dignified man-servant stood in respectful attention.

"Let us have some supper, Norgate."

The slim gentleman in broadcloth made a profound bow, and disappeared as he had entered, and his master, returning to the fireplace, leaned against the carved mantel and looked down at the handsome, budding beauty of the girl below him. And yet she had not spoken. Her eyes, riveted on the man-servant while he had been in the room, now wandered like tropical fire-flies over the various splendors of the cabinet again. Then suddenly she lifted them to the grave face above her, and said, in a low, awe-struck whisper:

"Is this the Crystal Palace, if you please?"

Adrien Leroy, considerate of the child's feelings, suppressed the smile.

"The Crystal Palace?" he repeated. "No, my child. What made you think so?"

"I've heard them say the Crystal Palace is the most beautiful place in the world, and I thought this must be it. Oh, it's lovely! Is that chain there real gold."

"No," he said, "only to the eye—no worse than a great deal of human furniture. No, not gold; but here comes something you require a great deal more than the precious metal even—supper!"

As he spoke, Norgate, his man, entered, bearing a large silver tray. Setting it on the table, he spread out a choice supper of hot dishes, truffles, grilled bones, salmi of partridge, a carved fowl, and various other delicacies which he had either prepared by the all-powerful aid of a magician's rod at the short notice, or been keeping warm on the chance of their being required. Lifting the chairs to the table, he disappeared again, returning shortly with wine and choice, delicately-cut glasses. These he set on the table, and, with the same respectful inclination of the head, announced that supper was served. His master dismissed him with a nod, thinking that the girl would be less embarrassed if alone with him; and Norgate retired with the same expressionless face as if the apparition of cold and ill-clothed girls in the dainty apartment were of nightly occurrence. Adrien brought a plate of the salmi, and placed it on a low table before the girl.

"You are warm there," he said, "and comfortable, I hope. And now I wonder which wine you would prefer—Johannisberg, Chateau St. Emillion, Vaumagnon. There," and he poured out a glass of Burgundy. "If you do not like it, we can try another."

The great, dark eyes stared at him, and they grew less perplexed, but more childlike and gentle. The long, thin, well-formed hands took up the knife and fork. Adrien Leroy seated himself at the table, with his eyes carefully directed from her, and pretended to see about a hearty supper to give her courage. Full of the delight of helping himself to several dishes, and making a little fuss with his knife and fork, he gave her confidence, and, presently glancing round, he saw that she had commenced upon the salmi. After a while she ate more boldly, stealing a glance at him and the rooms at intervals—a glance timid, wondering, and with some other expression that was as yet not quite distinct enough to designate. He rose after a while, filled her glass, and helped her to another dainty. She ate a little, then laid down her knife and fork, and fixed her eyes on the fire.

"Enough?" he said, taking her plate and stroking her hair back, his hand gleaming like marble against her dark braids. "Are you warmer now, and happier?"

She looked at him thoughtfully.

"I must be dreaming," she said; and her eyes filled with tears. "But I never dreamt of such a beautiful place before. Do you often bring people out of the cold into this lovely place?"

His face looked grave.

"Not often," he said curiously. "Not as often as I should, my child. You have not told me your name yet; what is it?"

"Reah," she said.

"Reah!" he repeated. "You are Spanish!"

She did not understand him, and shook her head.

"No father or mother, and only friend Johann, whom you would be better without. Poor child! And what does Johann do for a living?"

She shook her head.

"I don't know. He gets drunk."

"A liberal profession, and one with many eminent members. And so there are many cold nights and hungry days for poor Reah?" and he sighed.

She looked up at him with lowered eyebrows and tremulous lips.

"Must I go now? I am so happy." The lips trembled more markedly. "Nobody ever spoke so kindly to me as you do, nor ever gave me such nice things to eat. I don't know why you did it. Must I go now?"

She rose as she spoke, and stood humbly but eagerly hanging on his reply. He put out his hand and led her to the chair again.

"No, not yet. You shall wait here until the morning—till the daylight, it's morning now—and then we will send you back, and see if we can do anything towards softening the rugged road for the future. Poor child!"

She did not understand half his words, but a babe could have comprehended the gentleness of his smile and the tenderness of the action with which he placed a silken embroidered pillow at her head, and a silver-filagree footstool at her feet. She laughed up at him with thoughtful, childlike eyes, until they filled with tears. He seemed to her a creature natural to another world—a higher world she had scarcely dared to dream of—visiting her troubled and weary portion of the world terrestrial to overwhelm her with his beauty and his gentleness. Her heart beat fast, her lips were firmly set, and her eyes were eloquent.

Adrien Leroy stood with his wine-glass in his hand, leaning against the mantel, his eyes fixed on the fire, his face dreamily grave. The falling of her arm on her lap roused him.

"A beautiful child, with a promise of a more beautiful woman," he thought, looking at her. "Poor little thing, how weary she is already! Poor and rich, young and old, how soon the world's poison reaches us! She sleeps like a fawn. Reah, a Spanish name, and there is a Castilian olive on her cheeks. Poor child!"

Then he took his coat and hat, lit a cigar, and prepared to face the cold again, for kindness to give her food and steal her reputation," he murmured.

And so, with a chivalry that would have excited the wonder, if not the mirth, of the gay world in which he reigned monarch, Adrien Leroy passed into the wind, and paced the cold streets to keep the breath of scandal from a little street-waif.

CHAPTER IV.

Pleasures are like poppies spread—
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snowfall on the river—
A moment white, then melts forever.—BURNS.

When the sun rose, cold, bright and clear, Adrien Leroy retraced his steps through the neighboring square, and returned to his chambers. The elegant cabinet was empty. He looked round, even flung the curtain which veiled the door of the adjoining room aside, but the bird had flown. He summoned his man Norgate by means of the satyr's ruby, and asked him where the child had gone. With a shadow of surprise, the well-trained servant replied that he was ignorant of her disappearance.

"I left her here, sir, asleep, when I removed the supper things. She must have passed out on tiptoe."

Resolving to early make inquiry for her at Cracknell court, Adrien nodded with calm weariness, and the man left the room.

Adrien turned a heap of envelopes over with his hand, smiled significantly with no abatement of weariness at the many daintily-shaped scented ones, and then passed into the next room. Exquisitely decorated and furnished as the other, but in a softer, more brilliant style, it served as a dressing-room for the chamber beyond. A bath of cold water, ready for a sparkling in the rays of the sun pouring through the jalousies, stood in a recess. Adrien Leroy divested himself of his evening dress, and plunged in. A cold bath on a crisp Winter morning is an excellent substitute for sleep; and when the man of pleasure re-entered the cabinet an hour after, attired in a dressing-robe of violet-velvet, his noble face looked fresh, unfaded and reposeful.

Breakfast — chocolate, devilled kidneys, poached eggs, truffles and a Perigord pie, with the usual accompaniments of claret, Chateau Haut Brion vintage, coffee and toast—was on the table, with covers for four. As he entered, Norgate was placing the bell-shaped Moselle glasses upon the table.

"Covers for four! Who breakfasts here?" asked the host, from whose mind the invitations and guests had entirely departed.

"Le Duc d'Olivier, Lord Standon and Mr. Paxhorn, sir."

"Oh, aye —— I had forgotten, or rather I thought it was to-morrow. You will not forget the glass of ale for the Duke?"

"It is here, sir," said the ever-attentive Norgate, motioning to a bottle of Bass on a side-table, "Also Mr. Paxhorn's Madeira."

Adrien Leroy nodded, and, with one foot on the chased fender, idly opened his letters.

"Where do I dine to-night?"

"At the Marquis of Heathcote's, sir."

"At eight?"

"Nine, sir. Shall I put on the diamond set, sir."

"No, no jewelry," said his master absently. "Order the new cob for two o'clock—with a snaffle; I want to see how he goes."

"I will, sir. I may mention, sir, that Perrier, the court-tailor, called for his account for the costumes made for the Barminster balmasque."

"Refer him to Mr. Vermont.

"I have done so, sir, several times, but he persists in his request to see you personally. It is a matter of discount ——"

"Send him to Mr. Vermont. I know nothing either of his bill or his discount, nothing whatever."

The discreet Norgate bowed low, and retired. Adrien Leroy continued reading his letters, his white hand carelessly extracting the inclosures from their envelopes, and dropping them one by one, and often unread, into the flame before him. A dash, clatter and rattle on the stones outside, the flinging-open of the door, interrupted him, and he came forward to receive his guests.

"My dear Leroy, fresh as a daisy!" exclaimed the Duke, shaking hands with the young leader of English fashion with empressement.

"Leroy always is," said the Marquis, a fair-haired scapegrace, who was gliding down the glaciers of life to the abyss of ruin with the most grateful good-temper and light-heartedness. "Nothing upsets Leroy."

"Save a bad dinner," added Algernon Paxhorn, the latest literary lion and a fast friend, in more senses of the word than one, of Adrien and the members of his clique.

"We're punctual, and so is Norgate," said the Duke as, after the usual salutations, the quartet took their places at the table.

"And how went the new comedy?"

"Consult the papers," laughed Adrien Leroy.

"And how goes the fair Haidee?"

"As fairly as so dark a beauty can go," retorted her owner.

"They tell me she surpassed herself the other night," said Paxhorn. "A magnificent tigress, with diamonds for spots."

"Not her only blemishes," laughed Adrien carelessly. "But, Duke, you have only just come from the road—what of the new steeplechase? Does my King stand a chance?"

"A chance!" echoed all three.

"The odds are four to one on him—and few takers," added the Duke.

The young Marquis stopped, with his cup in his hand.

"That was yesterday morning. I left after you and the money was being lifted. You can lay as many thousands on him as you like, Leroy, and they will be taken."

"Oh," said Adrien, nodding carelessly, "something better in the field! I thought the roan was not to be touched."

"And I also," said the Duke. "I can't understand it. The only entry was a weedy, rough-ish-looking chestnut, which a little Yorkshireman listed in the afternoon. 'Holdfast' they called him."

"He'll require more hustling than holding," laughingly commented Paxhorn.

"I'd back the roan still for all the rough chestnuts in the world, Ad; there's nothing can touch him."

"So Jasper Vermont says," remarked Adrien, "and he should know."

"He's a good judge of a horse," admitted the Duke, who hated him—"a good judge of a horse and a man too; but I don't like him."

"A pleasant fellow, too; always ready with a jest; and a story; and you enjoy that, Duke." The Frenchman nodded and twirled his waxed moustache.

"True, when the jest and the story are told *con amore;* but Jasper Vermont's always fetches its price. That man never opens his mouth but with a purpose."

"That he may close it again," laughed Paxhorn.

Adrien Leroy's face darkened the slightest in the world. Jasper Vermont was his friend, and an ill word of him he reckoned almost as a disparagement of himself.

"You misjudge him, Duke," he said.

"Possibly," said the Duke courteously. "I cannot see what you find so engaging in him. But, putting Mr. Vermont aside, there can be no two opinions respecting the rissoles. Sarteri is a possession I positively envy you. There is not another *chef* in England who understands breakfasts as he does."

"None," echoed the Marquis. "If for nothing else, Adrien will gain immortality through his cook. By the way, have you heard of the Viscount's misfortune? He nearly lost Girardot. The poor Viscount was in despair when the genius gave him notice."

"Why did he want to go? Was the salary insufficient? Were not Monsieur Girardot's apartments to his liking? Could he not alter any of the kitchen arrangements to his fancy?"

"No; the salary was large, the great genius admitted—the apartment, the brougham, the kitchen were excellent; but Monsieur Girardot's feelings—sensitive as becomes a genius—would not permit him to dress liver and bacon, a dish of which the Viscount is particularly fond, more than once per week. Liver and bacon or Girardot? The Viscount chose the cook, and the dish will never more grace the Bonchester table."

"Poor Viscount!" exclaimed Paxhorn after the laughter had subsided. "It reminds me —— But, there, anecdotes are too heavy for breakfast, and spoil this Haut Brion. What wine you have, Adrien—nectar of the gods!"

"This is from the Emperor's cellar," said Adrien quietly. "We bought the whole of it, did we not, Norgate?"

"Yes, sir," replied the valet, refilling the great author's glass.

"Oh, give me your divine malt!" exclaimed the Duke. "I have no palate for the blood of the vine. Here," as Norgate opened the bottle with a pop, and poured the amber liquid into the long, slender glass which the Duke held, "here is strength, vivacity, sparkle. It is wit and wisdom condensed. Ah!" and with a long breath he set the glass down emptied.

"'Wine, weeds and women' are reversed with you, Duke," laughed the Marquis. "'Bass, briar, and Baltic' is your motto."

This raised a laugh, in which the Duke, who owned a yacht, and was as devoted to cut-cavendish as he was to bottled ale, joined heartily. Jest followed jest, the laughter grew more frequent. Norgate, when the repast was disposed of, cleared away the remains with the noiseless rapidity of genii. A card-table of ormolu, inlaid with ebony and mother-of-pearl, was opened, and the four were soon deep in lansquenet. Adrien Leroy was fond of gambling, liking it for the excitement only. The money was its least inducement. He never played, and knew if he lost or won; the game over, all interest had vanished, and the results were matter of indifference to him. This morning, cheered and exhilarated by the rare wine, they played high. Leroy and the Duke lost heavily as stakes go, a matter of a thousand pounds; but Adrien Leroy tossed the notes, which he took from a small drawer in the table, unlocked and unprotected, with a light laugh and a careless smile.

"A close run, Duke; had they played the knave we should have won. Another hand?"

He laughed the chagrin away at the timepiece, upheld by a bronze figure of the inexorable Father. "No, I have broken faith with Lady Merivale by half an hour."

"What is it — picture-galleries, Duke?" laughed the Marquis.

"Yes," replied the Duke; "I promised her ladyship to escort her and three other charming mademoiselles to the Winter exhibition."

"Ah," laughed Paxhorn. "I see the grim shade of matrimony hovering over your head. Beware!"

The Duke rose with a shrug of the shoulders and a good-natured laugh.

"Thanks, Pax; I'll remember, *be where* I will."

"Atrocious!" exclaimed Adrien, shaking hands and pointing to the cigar-box. "Leave me with a light in your mouth, if you haven't it in your head, Standon."

When they had gone, the host stood looking at the empty chairs absently.

"What next?"

Norgate answered the unspoken question by entering and announcing that the new cob was at the door. As he descended the stairs Mr. Jasper Vermont entered the hall.

"Ah, just in time," he said, with his amiable smile. "Where is it—the park or the Richmond road?"

"Neither. I really don't know," said Adrien, shaking the smooth, fat hand of his *homme d'affaires.* "Have you seen the cob? What do you think of him?"

"Worthy even of the Leroy stables," replied Jasper, walking with the owner to the door and regarding the showy horse with head drooped aside.

"Capital. By the way, I have just left Haidee in tears. Poor girl! Repentance followed close upon repletion. She vows and promises to abstain from pork-chops and patchouli, and prays for the return of your smiles."

Leroy smiled rather gravely.

"What has Haidee done to gain so eloquent an advocate, Jas? Poor girl! Where's the need for pity? Pork-chops are natural to such appetites. Enough of her, and all her kind. I am not fickle—in gifts, at least—whatever I may be in the matter of love. But, Jas, what of this rough chestnut they have entered for the steeplechase?"

Jasper Vermont dropped his thick, white eyelids over his dark, restless little eyes for a moment, then raised them with a laugh.

"Do you mean the screw entered yesterday, or the day before, by a Yorkshire man? Oh, he is all right. Can't run the course, I should think, let alone the last rise. Nothing can touch the roan. I'm a poor man, as you know, sir, or I'd cover King Cole's back with guineas."

"Do it for me," said Leroy with his careless laugh, and, passing down the steps, vaulted into the saddle.

"What! another thousand?" said Jasper in a lower voice—almost an eager one.

"Two, if you like," said the princely owner, and, with a wave of his hand as a signal for the groom's release of the horse's head and an adieu to Jasper, he trotted off.

Jasper Vermont looked after him with a smile; then, stroking the place where a moustache would have been a relief, passed up the stairs. Entering the cabinet, he glanced at the cards and the wine-glasses with an evil look, that vanished or changed into the old smile as Norgate entered the room.

"Breakfast?" asked Mr. Vermont.

"Yes, sir. The Duke, Marquis of Standon, and Mr. Paxhorn."

"Lansquenet, too," said Mr. Vermont.

"Yes, sir, and Mr. Adrien lost."

"That's quite an unnecessary addendum," said Mr. Vermont, putting his hat on with the pleasantest smile in the world. "Quite unnecessary. Mr. Adrien always does, Norgate, always does."

* * * * * * *

Meanwhile the victim of ill-luck rode through the quiet squares into the noise, bustle and confusion of Oxford street.

"Soho, Cracknell court? Yes, sir; first opening to your left," replied a man of whom Adrien Leroy had asked direction, and the horse's head was turned towards the point indicated.

Cracknell court was small, evil-smelling, and swarmed with children. Throwing the reins to a post-lounger, the man of pleasure, to whom dust, noise and evil smells were things carrying absolute pain, entered the den and asked for Mr. Johann Wilfer.

"There he is," said an urchin with the years of an infant and the wan, pale face of an old man.

Adrien Leroy turned to a man leaning against an open door, and touched his hat. Kings, cardinals and gentlemen of blue blood are sometimes very wicked, but they are always polite.

"Am I speaking to Mr. Johann Wilfer?" he said quietly.

"You are," said the man, taking the begrimed pipe from his equally begrimed lips, and staring with bloodshot eyes at the handsome, high-bred face and princely figure.

"Can you tell me if a young girl named Reah returned to you safe this morning?" he asked, fixing his deep, stern eyes upon the shifting, bloodshot ones of the man.

"Reah, d'ye mean?" replied the man. "Aint seen her for months. She ran away last June. An awful young thief. Stole my Sunday togs and her aunt's best bonnet. That's all I knows about her."

Adrien Leroy looked long and fixedly at him, then turned away. As well expect to extract juice from a grindstone as the truth from one so expert in falsehood. Mr. Johann Wilfer blinked his eye like an owl, gave a little sigh of relief as the aristocrat released him from the piercing gaze, and stepped out onto the pavement to get a last view of him as he mounted the cob. Then, with a leer at the sky, he stumbled up the rickety stairs into the first-floor room, and, confronting a girl who sat with her pretty head leaning against her hand, said, with a malevolent chuckle:

"So that's your game, is it? You're goin' in for swells right away, are yer, my gal? Got your name pat as a poll-parrot. 'Reah,' quite familiar and friendly. Knows all my private business, I dessay. I'll break every bone in yer body!"

He stumbled towards her, where she stood transformed from deadly, indifferent despair to vivid color and light at the allusion to her benefactor, and made a grab at her splendid hair. But, alert and lithe as a leopardess, she stepped back, and, bounding across the table, slipped past him and down the stairs, to the head of which he pursued her, looking over the banister, and launching forth a long and rich volley of curses.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FALSE!

Can there be bitterer than this?—
That she, whose sweet lips but a year ago
Touched yours in their fresh virgin kiss;
Whose soft, small hand your own alone might press,
Or linger o'er with passionate caress;
For whom 'twould be a little force to throw
E'en life into the unknown, great abyss—
Now seeks not, heeds not of, the love she won
From him whose worship, stronger than the sun,
Burns fierce and deep and silent in a heart
Too long asleep to like or love in part;
That to another mouth her own may cling,
List to his wooing words, and share his bliss.
Can hell, with all its ways of punishing,
Show braver punishment than this?

ALWAYS ON THE WRONG SIDE.

One morning a party were sitting at White Sulphur, and the conversation had fallen upon the late war. Personal reminiscence was in order. Each was the hero of his own hair-breadth escape, and the sequel was blood and thunder.

Within earshot sat an old, gray-coated Virginian, attentively listening and turning his cud reflectively between his teeth. At length he spoke:

"Gentlemen, you have all been through a heap, but they haint none of you had a wuss time nor I, I'll bet."

"Which side was you on?" asked one.

"Nary a side, gentlemen, but I had a very hard time," and the old fellow, drawing out his cud of reflection, proceeded:

"Wall, when the war fust broke out I didn't know much about it, nohow. I was a-studying it out, but I hadn't come to no judgment. One night my darter Mary Ann took powerful sick. The doctor he wrote a script and told me to go right off and get it, so I bridled my old mar and started. Wall, gentlemen, when I got, I reckon 'bout three miles from home—it was monstrous dark—someone called 'Halt!' and I halted. Fust thing I knowed I was a prisoner, and the boys were 'round thicker than June bugs. Sez I, 'Gentlemens, darter Mary Ann — my darter Mary Ann — is powerful sick, and the doctor —' 'Darn the doctor! Who are you fur? Hurrah for somebody!'

"I wan't going to be kotched again, so I just took off my hat, and I sez, as I yoiced *as* I could, 'Hurrah for Lincoln!' There,' sez they, madder nor blazes. 'I told you he was a traitor. Get down off that mar.' Gentlemens, I haint telling you no lie. They tuk me off that mar and buckled me over a log, and just where I was sore they gin me 500 mo'. It was monstrous bad. But I got on an' went along. Jest as I was a-cuming into town another called out 'Halt!' and I halted. 'Who are you for?' says he; 'Hurrah for somebody.' Gentlemens, I wasn't never agoin' to be kotched agin. I jest says, 'Mister, you jest be so kind as to hurray fust jest this once.'"—*Reading Eagle.*

HORSE-RACING CIRCASSIANS.—A war correspondent writes: "Shortly after leaving Renova we saw a number of Circassians engaged in their favorite pastime of racing. The way in which they race is this: One competitor takes a white flag in his right hand and suddenly breaks away at full gallop, followed by any one of his opponents who chooses. Pursuer and pursued urge their horses to their utmost speed by fierce shouts and blows of the flag or whip, and the flag-bearer turns his sure-footed horse from right to left, and left to right, like a hare before a greyhound, until either the pursuer acknowledges defeat and returns to his comrades, or else passes the holder of the flag, when he takes it, and the pursuer becomes the pursued. The second heat then takes place, and, should the winner of the first be again successful, he wins the tie, and two other competitors take their places. The game is very exciting, and calls forth all the splendid horsemanship for which the Circassians are so justly famed."

THE FULL CAPACITY of the salmon-curing factories in Oregon, on the Columbia River, for one season, is 54,510,000 cans. This amount will not be reached this Summer. If hatching stations are not established, this season, says *The Oregon Astorian,* will be the last profitable one.

"REAH."— * * * * * Returning to the fireplace, Adrien Leroy leaned against the carved mantel and looked down at the handsome, budding beauty of the girl below him.

THE CHOIR-LEADER'S COMPLAINT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

I listened last night to the preacher,
The one that has answered our call.
He comes to us straight from the college,
Good-looking and stylish and tall.
He told, in such beautiful language,
Of streets by the Holy One trod,
The walls of the glorious city
Whose maker and builder is God."

But somehow, in speaking of music,
Of angels with crowns and with palms,
He spoke of the harps and hosannas,
But he never once mentioned the psalms.
I never could bear our church-organ,
With all of its flats and its sharps!
These things are too stiff and new-fangled,
And I'm not accustomed to harps!

I've sung in our church, come next August,
A matter of fifty-four year;
Expecting, to use up in heaven,
The music I'm practicing here!
And now this new preacher has told us
Of amethyst, jasper and gold,
Of glories abiding forever,
But not of a psalm in the fold!

My heart journeys back to the preacher
Whose voice gave an infinite calm
As he said: "We will sing now, my brethren,
A part of the Ninetieth Psalm."
You may talk of the glories hereafter,
Of the harps and the waving of palms,
But I really shan't care much for heaven
Unless there is singing of psalms.

THE MAD HASH-SLINGER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY WILLIE GILL.

It was my lot in the Summer of 1868 to be connected with a circus, and on our route we made a stand of two days in the thriving town of Birchgrove, in Western Illinois. During the time we stayed there I boarded away from the rest of the boys, as I liked to eat my meals without the somewhat monotonous sauce of circus-gags. The restaurant people were most affable, especially one waiter, to whom I took a great fancy, as he appeared to be a man who occupied a position far below his capabilities. Evidently he was not born a hash-slinger, and the occupation sat ill on him. To me he always paid particular attention, and I frequently noticed that I would be discussing my third course while someone who had ordered with me was just commencing his soup. We had given our last show, but were not to start until the following morning. I did not feel particularly sleepy; so I took a stroll around town, and during my perigrinations dropped into a large billiard-parlor. I took a seat, and, lighting my cigar, prepared to amuse myself by watching the players. Billiards is a game I much like to watch; but, as for playing it—well, you might as well expect to see a cat execute a symphony by Beethoven on an ophecilde as to see me make a carom. I had not sat there long before my friend the hash-slinger took a seat beside me, and entertained me with amusing anecdotes about several great players he had seen. I got so interested that I did not notice the flight of time, so when I pulled out my watch—for I had one in those bright, halcyon days, and a chain, too; you may not believe me, but it is a fact—the hands pointed to twelve o'clock. Now, at the hotel where we all boarded early-closing was the rule, and the chances were ten to one whether I got a bed or not. I informed my restaurant friend of the fact, and he, very considerately, offered to share his room with me. I thanked him, we took a couple of whiskey toddies, and started for his location. I found that he occupied a room in a rather out-of-the-way, all-night lodging-house, and his apartment was anything but elegantly furnished. However, as Jack says, "any port in a storm;" so I endeavored to cheerfully accept the room the gods had provided.

My friend and I chatted for a little while, and then I proceeded to disrobe. I hadn't more than got my coat off, when I suddenly found my arms pinioned to my side by a stout rope, which went around my body. In less time than it takes to write a description of the occurrence, I was a helpless prisoner, tied fast to one of the posts of the bed — one of those old-fashioned affairs that one now rarely sees save in an old-time mansion. Who had done this? That mental question was soon answered; for there, standing in front of me—a diabolical grin on his distorted visage—was my quondam friend the hash-slinger. The horrid reality suddenly burst upon me with terrible force. I was in the hands of a lunatic. *The hash-slinger was mad!* It did not need two glances to inform me of that unpleasant fact. It could be read in his wildly-rolling, blood-shot eyes; in the veins of his forehead, which stood out like cords; in the flushed face and foaming mouth; and, more than all, in the sinister grin, which gave a demon's look to the whilom pleasant countenance of my dinner-attendant.

Here was a pleasant dilemma to be in. All my past peccadilloes—for nothing more than peccadilloes had I committed—rushed like lightning through my brain. I thought of my mother's poor old, careworn face—when a fellow's in trouble his mother is the first he thinks of—I sank on my bed when she should be told that her only boy had met a dreadful death at the hands of a madman, for nothing short of death I looked for at the hands of my companion. But, though I fully expected death, I was by no means resigned to it, and was not going to let a chance slip that would give me an opportunity to escape.

"So," hissed the madman, "after eluding my vengeance for years, you are in my power at last!"

"But, my dear sir, before yesterday I never had the pleasure of your acquaintance," I answered.

"You lie! as you always have. Tell me, demon, what you have done with her?"

I pleaded my utter inability to explain the where

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

H. M. T., Boston.—1. The Boston fire of Nov. 9, 1872, consumed about sixty-five acres, and occasioned a loss of about $75,501,900, $60,000,000 of which were personal. Whether or not the sixty-five acres included streets, we do not know. It was estimated that it would cost nearly $19,000,000 to replace other than the personal property. 2. The Chicago fire of Oct. 7-9, 1871, covered 2,124 acres, inclusive of streets. "Including the depreciation on real estate, and loss to business, the grand total loss is set down at $290,000,000," says *Appleton's Cyclopædia* for 1871. But a more "business"-like statement is that which in 1872 we saw credited to the authorities of Chicago, viz., $190,526,000, which includes $138,526,000 on personal property.

BANK.—The game standing with each side having but one to go, and it being twenty-four-deck euchre, besides, it was not your play to take it up when you had no trump in your hand, no card higher than a queen, and not more than two cards of any one suit—that is, provided that the turn-up was not a power, to turn down which card would, on general principles, have been ruinous. You had a worthless hand for any purpose except taking-up, in case your opponents had four to go, to risk a euchre in order to prevent their making a "lone."

GAME AND GAME.—At regular pinochle A could not call out until after taking in another trick, nor could either player look back at his cards to count up his points. The count for each hand in all "call-out" games must be kept in the head. As you were playing "double pinochle," to keep count that way would be difficult. Nevertheless, we see no reason for changing the rule of regular play by permitting a player from calling out until it is his lead. There are no rules for double or treble pinochle, nor is there any settled practice.

X. Y. Z., Webster.—1. You are an American, of Irish descent. 2. You are not a Yankee except in the general sense in which that word is applied to Americans, whether native-born or naturalized. Originally, the term "Yankee" was applied by the Indians to all English people with whom they came in contact. Subsequently, it covered only natives of the Eastern States, and these became classified again into "Connecticut Yankees," "Vermont Yankees," etc. 3. Chess is the more difficult game of the two.

B. E. E., N. Windham.—"Batsman struck a ball which touched foul ground, bounded to fair ground, and, rolling to within two or three feet of first base, crossed the foul line and rolled to foul ground again. The first baseman picked up the ball and held it on first base before the striker reached first. I decided "striker out." Captain of men at bat claimed that the ball should have been called "foul," and that the striker was unfairly put out. Who is right?".....The captain was right. The ball was a foul.

TROUBLE, Phila.—We have neither the space nor the time wherewith to discuss mathematical problems. Almost any work on philosophy, which can be bought for a song at a second-hand bookstore, will explain why the extremity of a wheel must move faster than the hub, and why the extremity ought to move faster in order to traverse a distance one hundred times the circumference of the base in the same time. Is it old question—does the tire of a wagon-wheel travel faster than the hub?

BASEBALL, Syracuse.—1. You lose the first bet on the result. 2. The score of "no runs, no fourth ground" in the game will decide the second bet. 3. By leaving the grounds on "account of the unfairness of the umpire," the Stars forfeit the game by a score of 9 to 0. Thus, as matter of record, they made no fun in the game; but, as bet 3, 9 to 3 was made upon a special part of the game, with no reference to what might be the ultimate result, it is to be decided by the score of that special game.

J. H., Hornellsville.—1. No dispute about the ball being held by basemen and put on runner before he (the runner) touches base, but ball is knocked out of baseman's hand in collision. Out or not? 2. Ball struck the batsman hit the ball in order to be called out on a foul strike?".....1. Out. 2. Yes; if he steps outside the limits of his position in the act of striking, but does not if he strikes the ball, he is not out. He is only out when he "strikes the ball" under such circumstances. See Sec. 9 of Rule V.

X 10 U 8, Elmira.—The automaton brass-band in Barnum's Circus is operated by a series of bellows, which supply the air for the wind instruments, springs and other machinery, which give the movement to the limbs, etc., and various other appliances, concealed from public view, all connected with clock work, which, being wound up, supplies the motive power. We know neither the name of the maker nor its cost.

BLACK EYES, Green Island.—1. We cannot imagine what you mean by "Can a minor be legally and morally held for taking an oath?" Any minor sufficiently old to understand the nature of an oath can take one in most communities, and is both morally and legally responsible for any abuse of the power. 2. Commissioners of deeds usually; also, notaries public and clerks of court.

J. S. B., Philadelphia.—There are three reasons why we never give the relative circulations of newspapers, especially dailies. It is difficult to get at them, in the first place; next, they fluctuate so that the figures of to-day are valueless to-morrow or next week; and finally, they are as much a matter of private business as the publishers' relative pecuniary wealth.

E. G., Cincinnati.—40. F. wins, unless in order to procure the bet he denied the marriage, in which event the bet is void. As to the "certainty," that which is so called must ultimately endorse the decision that is determined one way or another. Had C. F. been the victim of a mock marriage, for example, the "certainty" would have been on the side of E. G.

H. T. W., Rachine.—It is a draw, if both clubs agreed to abandon the game. If the umpire called the game because of darkness or rain, without any agreement between the contestants, and gave a decision in favor of either, on a claim of one of them—or if the Chicagos alone abandoned the contest, then you lose. You have not given us the facts.

D. L., St. Paul.—If the bet was that the Red Caps *will* win the game, the bet is vitiated by the fact that the game had already been played. If the bet was that the Red Caps did win it, then A won the bet, in spite of his knowledge of the fact. He knew no more than A should also have known before he undertook to bet.

G. W., Galesburg.—Goldsmith Maid made her 2:14 trotting against time. It is our impression that she never made a record of 2:14¾, having jumped from 2:14¾ down to 2:14. 2. Her 2:14 has never been equaled except by herself, and then, as she was trotting to beat it, it was not a record.

W. E. S., Wilkesbarre.—As the game was announced as to be Ba Ber vs. Cigarmakers, and as the captain of the barbers would permit but four of the barbers present to play, filling up his nine from outsiders, bets made prior to the game are void, including that of the captain who thus endeavored to make sure of winning his money.

G. N. S., Grafton.—No answers by mail. We have no knowledge of the death of an actor named George H. Christy, as you state, recently. George Christy, Ethiopian comedian, died here May 12, 1868, leaving a wife, who inherited what property he left.

COLUMBIA, Buffalo.—1. The cards falling 1, 5, 3, 3, 3, 1, 4, 2, 4, the player of the deuce made a run of four. 2. The foregoing shows that a run of four can be made where there has been no run of three. 3. The cards falling 4, 4, 4, with no run whatever preceding it: 7, 6, 3, 2, 5, 1, 4.

NEMUS, Boston.—1. Yes. 2. Miss Adah Richmond is not married. 3, 4, 5. Those questions will be found answered in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC. 6. We cannot afford time now necessary to give you in this column information in regard to training.

EVANSVILLE.—"A player attempts to steal second base. The catcher throws the ball to second-baseman, who catches it, and plainly holds it; but, in trying to touch the runner, the ball is knocked out of his hands by the runner. Is the runner out or not?".....The runner is out.

CONSTANT READER, Helena.—1. The Great Eastern arrived at her first American port June 28, 1860. 2. She was never altered expressly for any such purpose, though in constructing her her original specifications were departed from to a slight extent.

BROGAN, Newark.—Not wishing to take the trump into your hand, you could turn it down and still say that you would go alone. It was what you *said* that made the bump.

O. D. M., Buffalo.—Signor Valle of Philadelphia fits pupils as vocalists for the variety stage. For terms for a song and dance and other specialties, see our advertising department.

G. W. S., Milwaukee.—See "B., Milwaukee." As we understand it, the game was virtually abandoned by the two clubs—not called by the umpire on account of rain or darkness.

W. F. P., Erie.—You of course had a referee, whose decision is final. It would be out of place for us, except at his request, or at that of both parties to the fight, to say which side had won the stakes.

KATE, Wilmington.—The dispute is all "vanity and vexation of spirit," since nothing is known about the temperature of the North Pole except theoretically, while that of the South Pole is not as "open polar sea."

S. W.—Certainly it is fair. Would you consider it unfair to bet that Goldsmith Maid has trotted in 2:14, if someone should assert that no better time than 2:15 has ever been made?

C. D., London.—How can the Tecumsehs head the list with only five games won, when two other clubs have seven won games each? We publish all such scores that are sent us.

MAY, Buffalo.—The umpire should not decide a rolling ball, which is in fair line, near or foul, until it reaches striking. The ball you describe was a fair ball because it finally rolled in on fair ground before passing the base.

J. J., Rock Island, Ill.—The game is played under a variety of names. Golden Fluid being one. 2, 3. Agnes Ethel first appeared on the stage Oct. 10, 1865, in this city, acting Camille in the play of that name. 4. Cannot say.

BADGER, Cincinnati.—London, 3,489,428. Pekin, China, about 1,500,000. Some estimates place it at 1,300,000; but for general purposes the estimate of 1845, which was 1,648,813, is retained.

J. A. R., Greenville.—No answers by mail. 1. A letter addressed to him in care of this office will reach him. 2. Address John G. Boyd, CLIPPER Building, 90 Centre street, this city.

J. B. S., Houston.—If you wish us to give an opinion on their merits, we will gladly do so soon after receipt of specimens.

O. D. CLIP, New Britain.—Bush & Jevons, 74 Beaver street, this city, the agents of the line, can give you particulars.

D. S. G., Kingston.—1. *The Era*, 49 Wellington street, Strand, London. 2. Seventy-five lines in THE CLIPPER will cost $11 25 for each insertion.

C. P., Philadelphia.—To secure an engagement on the variety stage, apply to some manager in person, or to some agent who makes engagements.

ARCADE, Cincinnati.—B, who is second man, can "call" the game, which proceeding will not prevent the third man's "calling" both A and B or "raising" them.

R., Milwaukee.—The game having been abandoned in fact by the visiting club at night, call it the train, the bet is a draw.

WASH. V., Phila.—No such person ever played billiard matches in this city, except possibly in private, and his surname is unknown to us.

J. H. B.—Dexter, 2:17¼; Flora Temple, 2:19¾; Judge Fullerton, 2:18. See CLIPPER ALMANAC for Goldsmith Maid's best time.

M. & C., Chicago.—1, 2, 3. Inquire of the gentlemen named, who are in your city. 4. It is not known who were the first to perform a double song-and-dance.

VERITAS.—Marie Aimee made her American debut at the Grand Opera-house, this city, Dec. 21, 1870, singing Boulotte in "Barbe Bleue."

C. H., Detroit.—The Detroit (Mich.) Opera house seats 1,700, and the Theatre Comique, St. Louis, Mo., 1,564 persons.

J. W. C., Brooklyn.—Both are out, and practically neither is out. The player who was first to make 30 should have called out.

N., S.—B. loses. In the fact that Hayes is President is the only possible obtainable proof as to how Louisiana went at the last election.

G. M. R., Boston.—You would be required to get a license, but the fee might be nominal. Write to the City Clerk of Boston, inclosing stamp for reply.

X, Louisville.—He should have promptly reversed his decision. As it was, the striker would almost certainly have been thrown out at first if he had run.

D. C. S., Centreville.—The umpire could not see the catch; and, unless he left it to bystanders, he must decide not out.

PAT MULDOON, Boston.—1. We have no biography of the person named. 2. You can order the work through any newsdealer in your city.

OLD READER, Detroit.—Almost any bookstore can supply you, if they do not have the works on hand they can be ordered.

H. B. B., Detroit.—Each having had a hearing, we cannot give space for further discussion in our dramatic summary.

ALLEGHENY.—When both parties to those bets, which you call Purse in one letter, and which are really mine, ask for our decision, we will give it.

M. M.—He never fought a prize fight, his nearest approach to it being his off hand mill in a room in Brooklyn with the late Billy Riley.

DECLINED.—"Down Among the Sugar Cane," "The Pride of Old Massy," "Sunlight Through the Mist," "Sing Tra-la-la," "Fly, Ba timore.—George Lea is keeping a drug-store in Port Jervis, N. Y.

W. M. H., Clinton.—Send to W. A. Pond & Co., 547 Broadway, New York.

J. G., Chicago.—Address Scott Brothers, Fulton street, near Broadway, this city.

CONSTANT READER.—Address the Treasury Department, Washington, since you have not stated the nature of bet.

G. S., Harlem.—As the penalty of A's overscoring by two at cribbage, B puts A back two, and himself forward two.

GYMNAST, Philadelphia.—We prefer not to give advice upon such matters.

H. T. S.—The winning of the heat in 2:30 gave the horse a record of 2:30, notwithstanding he lost the race.

J. M. F., Edenburg.—The best mile time, running, is 4 12¾, by Ten Broeck.

S. S.—Nothing, sometimes not even death, will prevent the human hair from growing.

F. M., Burlington.—A number of horses have trotted twenty miles within an hour in this country.

INQUIRER.—No answers by mail. Franconi's Hippodrome was located on the site of the Fifth-avenue Hotel.

SILFIS, Bingham.—Adelina Patti was born in Madrid, Spain. Cannot say where Carlotta was born.

J. J., Philadelphia.—Inquire of the stage-manager of some variety theatre in your city.

LOLA, Louisville.—The cost would be $50 and we pay for engraving. Send a good immortal photograph.

E. G.—A letter addressed in care of this office will soonest reach him.

C. R., Freemansburg.—Stephen Rogers died in this city March 3, 1876.

BIG CASINO.—When "call-out" is the order, sweeps count as soon as any other point.

CONSTANT READER.—At cassino a player can make two builds before taking in a trick.

J. F., Austin.—Neither C. W. Noyes nor his wife, each a circus performer, is before the public at present.

REFEREE, Wheeling.—A loses, under our rule and our decision.

FAIR PLAY, Boston.—If the game did not take place, the bet is void.

G. W. N.—"Held the ball" is a technicality of billiards, and as such is correct, though for no other reason.

D. G.—Harry Bassett did not go to England, and he ran against Longfellow.

M. C., Boston.—Except in the case of a disbanded club, make up no averages until November.

L. L., Detroit.—We never published any such advertisement.

W. R. S., Columbus.—As the rules require him to run, and he only walks, the umpire's duty is to decide him out.

B. F. H., Elizabeth.—Barnes is sick with intermittent fever. Not dangerously so, but enough to disable him.

PITCHER.—We know of no book nor of any individual which can explain the curved delivery.

W. G. R.—Such knowledge can only be acquired by practice.

DAVE WILLIAMS.—Subscription expires with No. 3, Vol. 25. 2. No; we have not the record.

J. B. J., Brooklyn.—The law says that two copies must be filed in the Library of Congress, to complete the copyright.

AUTHOR H., Chicago.—Letters addressed to them in care of this office will soonest reach them.

L. L., Owensboro.—No answers by mail. The Helen D'Este Company ceased traveling some time ago.

PUSSY, Elyria.—The player wins who is first to call out before the last trick is lifted.

CONSTANT READER, Washington.—1. 417. 2. William Sexton.

W. M. AND IKE.—1. Can call out at once and on anything. 2. He cannot do it.

KNOWING ONES, Bridgeport.—4, 3, 2, 5, 3, give no run to the player of the last 3.

A Loser.—The feat has been frequently performed, and can be done by many gymnasts here.

J. H.—Bill Poole was fatally shot in this city Feb. 25, 1855.

H., Brooklyn.—Address Lloyd, map-publisher, this city.

F. J. E., St. Louis.—The French, so far as can be judged.

J. B. L., Lancaster.—June 18, Boston vs. Chicago, 9 to 7.

CLIPPER READER, Far Rockaway.—He is the same one.

A SUBSCRIBER, Germantown.—A and B divide the stakes.

A GENTILE, Cairo.—We cannot now call one to mind.

INQUIRER, So. Boston.—See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

J. F. M., Hollidaysburg.—Will endeavor to forward.

SUBSCRIBER, Nearstown.—They play twelve games.

INQUIRER, Erie.—No; we do not answer by mail.

W. K. T., Brookville.—2-14, by Goldsmith Maid.

STAKEHOLDER, Binghamton.—Higham was out.

E. B. N., Milwaukee.—See "H. T. W., Racine."

W. D., Boston.—John Biglin was born in Hull, Can.

LADY LUCY LYNCH, Baltimore.—He is in this city.

A. H., Wabash.—The decision was correct.

J. H. S., St. Louis.—7 to 0 in both games.

SUBSCRIBER, Boston.—If was published.

BOSTON HIGHLANDS.—The bet is void.

S. O. F.—We know nothing of him.

BOB AND JIM.—Twenty-six days.

T. A. B.—T. A. B. loses.

OUR FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.

As often as the glorious Fourth—our patriotism is shown by the use of the capital—rolls round, we feel a sense of relief at the thought that we are not an orator. If we were, it would be necessary for us to tell an admiring public what a great and glorious country this is; to magnify the achievements of the heroes of the Revolution; to hurl anathemas at the heads of effete monarchies; and to do numerous other things which are exceedingly laborious when the mercury gets up into the nineties. Since the gift of oratory is denied us, we are spared this task. Yet our sympathies go out to others less fortunate, who are forced to mount the rostrum and grow eloquent in the scorching July heat.

Fitting it is that the anniversary of our national independence should be observed as a day of rejoicing. And yet the manner of observance which obtained in earlier years was so largely absurd that it is a wonder it ever grew into a custom. The orthodox Fourth-of-July orator is a thing of the past. His explosive eloquence will be heard no more. Liberty must be content to exist, henceforth, without the annual eulogies pronounced upon her of old. And we are inclined to the belief that the goddess will get along just as well in the end. The orator has never been needed to make the people of this country understand their own greatness. The trouble has been generally that this understanding was too deeply rooted. It made the Americans fit targets for ridicule, and the older nations were not slow to avail themselves of the privilege of discharging the arrows of satire at our heads. In proportion to our early boastfulness, we became unduly sensitive. We thrust our virtues before the eyes of the world, but rose in anger when our vices were pointed out. Nobody forgets what a storm of indignation burst forth when Charles Dickens published his "American Notes." The people of this great and glorious country felt themselves grossly wronged. They could laugh with all zest at the caricatures of Pickwick, but they could not recognize the picture for which they had furnished the models. In all this there was nothing surprising, when it is remembered that the traits and traditions of the Puritans prevailed, and were cherished by their descendants. It was a part of the Puritan creed to thank God that they were not as other men.

Time has worked a change in the American character, and perhaps never is this change so marked as it is on the Fourth of July. To-day our orators, if they speak at all, find other themes than those of self-glorification and praise. Experience, sometimes sharp and bitter, has taught us that we are not perfect. We have learned that liberty brings with it responsibilities which cannot be shirked. We have learned that freedom demands its price. And so it happens that we dwell less upon the achievements of the past, and more upon the problems of the present. The memories of Yorktown and Monmouth are dimmed by the fresher memories of Gettysburg and the Wilderness. We have come to have a broader charity and a wider knowledge of the world. Our self-esteem is lessened, our boastfulness is at an end, our prejudices are wiped out. And with all this we do not think we have lost in patriotism. To be sure, there is less powder exploded in honor of the Fourth of July than of old, and the American Eagle is not called upon to flap his wings so loudly; but the love of country is, we believe, as deep as ever. There are some things which ought to be called to mind by all American citizens on this day. It will profit us to remember that a nation is prosperous precisely in proportion to the prosperity of its people. Political economy can be reduced to the understanding of a schoolboy, if it is taught on the principle of individual economy. The State will flourish if its people are industrious; it will go to pieces if they are slothful. It is well to remember, likewise, that patriotism is something more than sentiment. It is more than eulogistic orations or Fourth-of-July parades. Still further is it well to remember that the perpetuity of a Republic rests wholly with the people, that the responsibility is with the individual. Every man who is entitled to the rights of an American citizen ought to take enough interest in public affairs to promote, so far as he can, public virtue. Finally, it ought to be remembered that honesty and courage and perseverance were the traits most prominent in the characters of those who founded our Government, and that these traits are fully as desirable to-day as they were when the Declaration of Independence was signed.

"OUR JIM" has been studying the war-maps, and he appears to have got things down pretty fine. He says: "The Rooshins hav had a fuff time of it; but they've crossed the Rubycorn at last. Before moving on the water-wurx of the blu Danoob, some of the Pashas of many talls was inklined to pause, and rede their jographes to see if they was gainin' ground, but Nicklis seen this shirkin' of dooty, and he ses, ses he: 'Give the Sar cum along, and he cride out in college lingo: *'Rahera!'* This set 'em horse to come back; but the Sar said: 'Which way air you tryin' to go?' *'Tergovist,'* was the reflneder.' Then *Tienova* and makee the *Tergiova!*' Then the soldiers giv a yel, sent *Giourgeova* fust, and said we're *Komm.* They was so long in crossing the Danoob that they believed the Turks had been *Widin'* it. When last sene they was chasin poultry out of a *Turkestan!*"

DO THOSE members of Young Men's Christian Associations who advertise to sell goods below cost, "at a terrible sacrifice," ever consider how very wicked and unchristian-like it is to make such false statements? Do those same Christian business-men ever stop to think of the injury they are doing to the humble tradesmen by such willful misrepresentation and deceit? If those dealers expect to go to heaven by clinging to the bobs of the Christian Association kites, they will be wofully mistaken. They may crush out the small dealer and paralyze the business of the humble worker, but they can't shut the eyes of the great Master!

IT IS WORTH a dollar and a half to stand at the baggage-office of a railroad-depot and watch the contented expression on the countenance of the smasher as he dumps her down and socks her up, as the trunks are unmercifully hurled from the cars in which they have been so quietly reposing. For unalloyed enjoyment in Summer-time there is nothing to be compared with that of the baggage-jerker.

THE MENAGERIE FIEND has commenced his stories about boys being chawed up by raging lions, and girls being tossed aloft by sacred bulls, and so on. Last week he said that a laughing hyena had been telescoped in a collision with a kangaroo, and no lives lost—kangaroo and hyena both being alive and well, and to be seen inside, with the rest of the show, for twenty-five cents. The elephant that always escapes near a thickly-settled town, requiring a company of soldiers and six cannon to bring him to terms, has thus far failed to make his usual excursion.

THE POLITICAL HORIZON is full of strategic heresies and schismatic schemes. It would appear that, since the promulgation of that latest order, office-holders keep up a good deal of thinking, but are somewhat guarded in their expressions. Gentlemen who do not hold positions under Government are loud in their approval of the President's sentiments, and call upon the "ins" to show their hands like honest men. Take it altogether, we can arrive at no other conclusion than that there is considerable diversity of opinion between the "ins" and the "outs."

IT IS an even thing as to which will show the biggest bill of mortality this year—life-insurance or fire-insurance companies. We think the former is ahead at this writing, but we hear that another of the latter is in the last throes of dissolution. We haven't heard of an insurance agent being seen in the rural districts since three of them were found on a railroad-track, "accidentally killed."

WHILE we are celebrating the glorious Fourth, and proclaiming our independence in "words that burn," let us remember that there is a day of reckoning coming, when the woman that keeps the house will expect her four dollars and a half for board in advance.

PEOPLE who have seen better days, but whose present circumstances will not admit of their showing off at Newport, Saratoga or Long Branch, as has been their custom all along, can divert attention by going to Europe!

A NUMBER of the editorial fraternity recently made a trip to New Castle, and, having got them there, the Delawareans took them to jail and showed them the pillory and whipping-post. It is to be hoped that this exhibition will be of benefit to the visitors.

THE WEATHER on the Fourth of July will be cloudy or clear, with probable showers, or possibly light rains, or clear and clearing up during the day. This will enable our readers to make their arrangements accordingly.

OUR MISSION is charity and good-will. If you want to go to Philadelphia cheap, watch out when the Plymouth Rock excursion comes along, and you can buy stacks of return tickets for a dollar apiece. But don't "give it away!"

EXCURSIONISTS can get a good deal of fun by taking girls a-rowing, and, when in the middle of the river, rocking the boat till she takes water. This never fails in creating merriment, combined with fright!

GOOSEBERRY-PIE is all well enough, if you can get it to digest. We have known many a small boy to die just after going through a whole pie. Other boys should be abstemious in the use of this fruit.

GENTLEMEN who get tired and dragged out on the Fourth of July had better not lie down on railroad-tracks. Moving trains will just as soon run over a sleeper on the Fourth as upon any other day.

WHILE SOME of us are having rare sport in reeling in the "speckled beauties" which infest the mountain streams and brooklets, quite a number of us are having a high old time catching frogs.

CAROLIN O'BRYAN BRYANT is not one of the *North* Carolina singers, nor did he ever occupy one of the ends in Bryant's Minstrels. This is in answer to several inquiries on the subject.

A MAN in Appleberryville, New Jersey, thought he was giving important information when he put up a sign bearing the inscription: "Cider Works." Most of us knew that already.

SINCE Chicago and Boston and St. John and Marblehead loomed up so grandly as conflagration organizers, a ten-thousand-dollar fire isn't thought anything of.

NOW is the season for lovers' walks and clambakes. The sweet emotions engendered by the former are only equaled by the taste displayed in discussing the latter.

IF HUNGRY CREDITORS cannot find their debtors at home, they had better seek them at Saratoga. We know a man——. But there, we promised to say nothing!

ONE IN DOUBT asks us if John Habberton is married. If he isn't, he ought to be, or else cease proclaiming himself the author of "Helen's Babies."

IT IS FEARED that the great depression in business which has ruled during the past year will be felt at the fashionable Summer-resorts this season.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—*She*—"Don't eat those crackers, John—they're for the baby's pap." *He*—"Well, aint I *the baby's pap*?" Exit crackers.

THE NOISY demonstrations made in our streets nearly every night are traceable to the enthusiasm of returning Sabbath-school excursions.

THE SOLDIERS down the Narrows are grumbling because they are required to "hold the fort" on the Fourth of July. This is dreadful.

WHAT'S the matter with the papers, *any* how? Their latest news is "The Pigeon Flies." As if anybody thought the pigeon walked.

WE STOP the press to say that, if you wish to keep dry on the glorious Fourth, eat nothing but salt codfish and smoked herring!

ISN'T it about time that we trotted out Presidential candidates for 1880? Once we were not so dilatory in such matters.

WE DON'T hail Columbia quite so enthusedly since Harvard got away with us on Springfield's purling stream.

IT ISN'T prudent to let a stranger watch your clothes while you go into swim these warm evenings!

AT CORA PEARL'S auction sale there were twenty dumb-bells, but Cora wasn't one of them.

JUST as the schools *close* for the season, *commencements* begin. How's this?

"THE WORKING CLASSES"—Those about to graduate.

A LETTER reminds us of a criminal when it's *indicted!*

A "CUTE" PAIN—Love!

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** June 25: Thomas P. Fisher, another Molly Maguire implicated in the murder of Morgan Powell, at Lansford, Pa., was sentenced to be hanged Sept. 10.....Three masked men shot and killed a colored prisoner, charged with murder, at Lonoke, Ark.....A storm of wind and rain caused great damage to property in portions of Illinois and Ohio.....Rev. E. D. Hopkins of St. Johnsbury, Vt., was found guilty of forgery.....Benjamin W. Mendall of Mattapoisett, Mass., committed suicide by blowing out his brains.....Cable news: The British Government declared the Russian explanations satisfactory. President MacMahon gave positive assurances that he would retain office until 1880, and answer for order at home and peace abroad. He has pardoned 641 more Communists. The Chamber of Deputies was dissolved. Sulliman Pasha's losses were estimated at 10,000 men.....The body of John McDermott, supposed to have been murdered, was found hanging from a tree near Salem, Mass.....A runaway accident at Porter, Me., resulted in the instant death of John Douglass, and fatal injury to his wife.....W. H. Johnson of Ridley Township, Pa., shot John Worrell, and then blew out his own brains.

*** June 26: President Hayes and members of the Cabinet were enthusiastically received in Boston, Mass.....In Cass city, James Blake, who killed John McDonald, was sentenced to State-prison for life.....In a fight between drunken Molly Maguires and miners near Nanticoke, Pa., Martin McIntyre, one of the latter, was fatally hurt.....A violent gale prevailed throughout Illinois, and a tornado did considerable damage at Harrisburg, Pa.....Dan Conover, an officer of the ram Merrimac Confederate navy, is reported to have been killed by J. A. Harrell in a quarrel at Selma, Ala.....The body of Mr. Gilmour, an extensive lumber merchant, was found in the river at Montreal, Canada.....Cable news: Russia announced semi-officially that she would keep her promises, and there is no likelihood of a general war. The agitation against Redif Pasha, War Minister, and all the Turkish military authorities was on the increase. The report of a conspiracy to blow up the Suez Canal was confirmed, but the Khedive of Egypt is taking measures to prevent such an attempt on land, and a sea-police was being organized under the command of two British officers. William Lloyd Garrison was entertained at breakfast in London, Eng., by the Committee of the Anti-slavery Society. Gen. and Mrs. Grant visited the Queen at Windsor Castle, Eng., where a dinner-party was given in honor of the ex-President. Eight persons were killed and thirty wounded by a boiler explosion at Tunstall, Eng. The Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice has awarded the National Line Steamship Company $10,000 for jowing in the City of Berlin, which became disabled on her last voyage from New York for Liverpool.....Engineer William Farrell and William Paull were killed by the explosion of a tug-boiler near Taunton, Mass.....Minturn Roe, aged 47, in a fit of apoplexy.....An excursion steamer on Silver Lake, Plymptom, Mass., exploded, injuring eighteen persons.....The corner-stone of the Cathedral of the Incarnation, a gift from Mrs. A. T. Stewart, was laid at Garden City, L. I.....Attorney-general Fairchild reported to Governor Robinson on the management of the Sweeny and Tweed cases.....It was reported that on the 26th, near Williamsburg, Ky., Thos. Redd shot and mortally wounded his brother-in-law, Wm. Little, who returned the fire, killing Redd.....Henry Dunning, the shipbuilder of Quebec, Can., failed, with liabilities estimated at $300,000.....In a school at Lancaster, Pa., a boy named McCullough, aged 14, of Pittsburg, was killed by a ball from a pistol pointed at him in sport by a schoolmate.....Cable news: Lasalle, Count Pepoli and Signor Biggini given to Gen. Grant at Liverpool, Eng. The Grand Duke Nicholas crossed the Danube at Sistova, and the Czar issued a proclamation to the Bulgarians. The Turkish Parliament was prorogued. John Robertson & Co.'s spinning-mill, at Glasgow, Scotland, was nearly destroyed by fire—loss $400,000. Clark & Co.'s thread-works, at Paisley, Scotland, were also burned—loss $75,000.....In Hudson County, N. J., Franz Scharnazel was acquitted of the charge of murdering Joseph Stahl.....At Munnerlyn, Ga., Simon Bell, white, shot and killed John Carter, colored, who had attacked him.....Charles Brallagh and Miss Annie Bessen were sentenced at London, Eng., to six months' imprisonment, to pay a fine of £200 each, and to enter into an agreement to behave well for two years. They were convicted of publishing an immoral pamphlet.

*** June 27: Johann Gartner, the wife-murderer, hanged himself in the county jail at Cincinnati, O.....A family feud resulted in the fatal stabbing of Reuben Bonds, a farmer and blacksmith, by Zebulon D. Gilmore, a merchant, at McGaheysville, Va.....Cable news: Both the Russians and Turks lost heavily at Nikopolis and Sistova, on the Danube. The Grand Cross of St. George has been conferred on the Grand Duke Nicholas for the crossing of the Danube. The Greek authorities at Corfu have seized 193 cases of arms, which the Turks sent there for transhipment to Albania. Two Greek ironclads have been sent to protect the arms, the Turks having threatened to send a man-of-war for them. The Bey of Tunis has requested the Ottoman Government to send him vessels to convey a present of mules from Tunis to Constantinople. Sixteen thousand rifles and 2,500,000 cartridges are expected at Constantinople from Egypt.....John Palmer, a track-walker, was killed on the railroad near Dean's Station, N. J.

*** June 30: Jarvis Anderson, supposed to belong to a gang of thieves, was taken from jail at Hickman, Ky., and shot to death by a mob.....A railroad-train, bound for Montreal, Canada, was wrecked by going over an embankment on the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad Co.'s R. R. The engineer was killed and the fireman injured.....The Twenty-second-ward Bank of Philadelphia, a State institution, closed its doors.....The giving-way of a bridge precipitated a carriage to the bed of the Montmorency River, 120 miles from Quebec, Canada, the widow of Baron Falkenburg being killed.....James Platt of Philadelphia was sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment for murder in the second degree.....Allen, the well-known horse trainer and [illegible] was killed by falling from a flight of stairs in the Coleman House, in this city, and a team of horses were killed by lightning near Youngstown, O.....Fires: Whitaker & Co.'s coal-breaker, at Forestville, Pa.—loss $50,000; Jas. McAndrews' blacksmith-shop, at Biddeford, Me.—loss $5,000, partially insured; Charles Beers & Co.'s carpenter-shop, at Bridgeport, Ct.—loss $6,000, insured for $3,000.....The Compagnie Française compte, a French banking-house, was reported to have advanced nearly all of the $10,000,000 Turkish loan placed in Paris.....James Flood of this city was convicted of the murder of his wife and sentenced to State Prison for life.

*** July 1: A severe windstorm visited Ercildown, Pa., blowing down a number of buildings, including Bannigon's new seminary. A woman named Hopkins was killed, and several other persons badly injured.....A similar storm swept over Central Ohio, causing great damage to property. Charles Brown was killed by being struck by the limb of a tree, and W. J. Hiatt suffered serious injury.....A hailstorm of extraordinary violence visited havoc with garden-crops, conservatories and greenhouses at Waterbury, Ct.....Upon the arrival of the schooner A. Heaton of New York at Philadelphia, Stephen Burrell, colored, was given into custody, charged with the murder of J. B. Jones, a fireman, on the high seas, June 23.....At Higgins' Patch, near Mahanoy City, Pa., Patrick Quinn shot his wife fatally.....Daniel Fritz, residing in Mahoning Valley, Pa., shot and mortally wounded Burke Kelley, who had trespassed on his farm and drawn a revolver upon him.....Cornelius Ryan was captured for the neck breaker near Utica, N. Y.....John Whippham was killed while oiling his locomotive at Stratford, Ont.....James McDonald was fatally stabbed in the abdomen by some person unknown at Lowell, Mass.....Fires: The Liberty Oil Works, at Pittsburg, Pa.—loss $30,000, fully insured; Mr. P. Dwenger & Co.'s grain-store, and the Western Union Telegraph office, at Utica, N. Y.—loss about $8,000, insured for $3,000; the Catholic church at Laconia, N. H.—loss $6,000, fully insured.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ADAMS, Mrs. Marion—Sister of Mrs. Andrew Jackson, and wife of President Jackson's adopted son. From the effects of a fall a month ago—Hermitage, Nashville, Tenn., June 28, aged 74.

ADAMS, William Newton—Once U. S. Consul at St. Jago, Cuba, and a nephew of Commodore John Thomas Newton, U. S. Navy. He was born in Alexandria, Va., and in his youth he attended the school taught in Norwich, Ct., by Lafayette Foster, afterwards U. S. Senator. After leaving school he became a clerk in the house of G. G. Howland, afterwards Howland & Aspinwall, there remaining for years, and went to Caracas, Venezuela, marrying there, but leaving it in 1848 for St. Jago, where he entered the house of Brooks & Co., and was also U. S. Consul. In 1865 he returned to this city, entering the house of Moses Taylor & Co., where he remained seven years. Recently he went to Havana, Cuba, and died on the steamship City of New York while returning from that place to this port.

BYERLY, Mrs. Daniel—Widow of the first proprietor of *The New Orleans Bulletin*. He was killed in a street-affray by ex-Governor Warmouth. Grief impaired her reason almost immediately, and she died in an insane asylum about June 14.

BRUSH, John—An extensive coal-dealer in Paterson, N. J., where for many years he was Justice-of-the-peace. He is credited with having established the first Roman Catholic Sunday-school in New Jersey, at Newark, forty years ago—Paterson, June 26, aged 65.

BUTMAN, Elizabeth Nicholson Douglass—Relict of Capt. Benjamin Butman, and a native of Ayrshire, Scotland—Staten Island, N. Y., June 28.

BLAKE, Major A. P.—For many years proprietor of the Squamscot House, Exeter, N. H. Suddenly, of heart disease—there, June 24.

BECKER, Abrahm—For many years a director of the Hudson County Bank in Jersey City, and one of the originators of the Bergen Point plank-road—Greenville, N. J., June 29, aged 83.

CLARK, Mrs. Lizzie E.—Wife of the late Thomas C. Clark of Brooklyn, N. Y., and daughter of the late Major E. A. Ogden, U. S. Army—San Francisco, Cal., June 22.

COX, Mrs. Ann E.—Widow of Jameson Cox Jr., who was an old resident of the Seventh Ward, had been a baker there, and at one time, we believe, was Chief-engineer of the Fire Department of this city—here, June 27, aged 88.

DE ST. PALAIS, Right Rev. Bishop Maurice, D. D.—Terre Haute, Ind., of apoplexy, June 28.

DUDLEY, Mrs. Thomas U.—A native of Virginia, and wife of the Assistant Bishop of Kentucky—Louisville, Ky., June 27, aged 34.

DUNNING, C. J.—An old and well-known resident of Brooklyn, N. Y.—Albany, N. Y., June 26.

DUPRE, Leon—English billiard player. (See Billiards)—London, Eng., May 29, aged 47.

FREEMAN, James H.—Pianist (See Musical)—Philadelphia, June 25, aged 29.

GILBERT, John—Druggist in Philadelphia, and also interested in Schuylkill coal lands—that city, June 24, aged 72.

HOWARD, Dan—Banjoist (see Variety)—Philadelphia, June 24, aged 35.

JONES, E. E.—Journalist. Since the Civil War he had been connected with the press of Nashville, Tenn., from which city he was the correspondent of *The Freeman's Journal* and *The Western Watchman*. Many years ago he wrote for *The Albion* of this city, and was also a contributor either to the original *Spirit of the Times*, of which W. T. Porter was editor, and which suspended about fifteen years ago, or to *Porter's Spirit of the Times*, established by W.

JERSEY CITY YACHT CLUB.

The larger boats of the club above named sailed for three prizes on Wednesday, June 27, which was a good yachting day, the wind, though in the early part of the day rather variable, being quite steady and strong during the afternoon. There were three classes of boats, the course for the first and third being from a stakeboat anchored east of Bedloe's Island to and around buoy 8½ on the Southwest Spit and back; that for the second from the same starting-point to, and around the hospital-ship on West Bank, and back. The usual scale of allowance (two minutes per foot) was in force. The starting vessels were: First-class cabin-sloops—Regina, 47ft. 6in., W. A. W. Stewart, owner; Pirate, 47ft. 3in., J. H. Vanady; Mary, 43ft. 11in., Chas. E. Gardner. Second class—Mignon, 29ft. 10½in., Dr. C. W. Beanes; Spray, 26ft. 6in., E. P. Merwin. First-class open sloops—Knight Templar, 32ft. 4in., Robert Donshea; Psyche, 27ft. 11in., Peter Miller; Jessie, 27ft. 11in., E. F. Banks. The wind at the time of starting was a little south of easterly, and the tide had just turned ebb. They crossed the line to a flying start in the following order: Pirate, 11h. 31m. 00s.; Spray, 11.32 00; Regina, 11.32 10; Mignon, 11.32 40; Jessie, 11.37 30; Psyche, 11.37 50; Mary, 11.39 10; Knight Templar, 11.42 10. Until they went off Owl's Head no noticeable alteration in the order of sailing occurred; but here the Regina, which had been gaining from the start, headed the fleet, and continued to gain to the Spit buoy, which was rounded as follows by the four boats whose time was taken: Regina, 2.58 00; Pirate, 3.11 30; Mary, 3.26 20; Knight Templar, 3.26 40. The Mignon soon got by the only other boat in her class, and reached the hospital-ship some four minutes ahead, which she increased to exactly six minutes at the finish. The larger boats traveled home rapidly before the wind, but nothing worthy of mention occurred until the home stakeboat was reached, the order and time of arrival there being:

FIRST-CLASS CABIN SLOOPS.

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Regina	11h. 32m. 10s	5h. 02m. 30s	5h. 30m. 10s.
Pirate	11 31 00	5 20 20	5 49 20
Mary	11 39 10	5 37	6 06 40

SECOND-CLASS CABIN SLOOPS.

Mignon	11 32 40	5 54 00	5 21 20
Spray	11 32 00	5 00 00	5 27 15

THIRD-CLASS OPEN SLOOPS.

Temp'r	11	42	10	5	52	20	6	10	10
Psyche	11	37	50			Not timed.			
Jessie	11	37	30	6	03	50	6	26	20

Winners: Regina, Mignon and Knight Templar.

NEW JERSEY YACHT CLUB.

While the yachts of the Columbia Club were contending for honors farther up stream, the boats comprising the fleet of the New Jersey Club were engaged in a similar struggle on the Hudson River June 28. The course laid out was from off the Elysian Fields, at Hoboken, N. J., up the river to a stakeboat anchored nearly opposite Eighty-fifth street, and return; to be sailed over three times. The number of starters was nine, and they were sent off shortly before eleven o'clock A. M., at which time the wind was blowing moderately from the northeast; and, the tide being flood, the boats were favored in the run-up, and had to beat down with the tide, also somewhat against them on the first trip back. The subjoined table shows the time of start and finish, and the actual time made by the contestants:

	Start.	Finish.	Actual Time.
Estelle	10h. 52m. 59s.	2h. 38m. 42s.	3h. 45m. 42s.
Letitia	10 54 11	2 52 35	4 02 24
Charm	10 54 00	3 19 33	4 20 33
Jessie Maud	10 52 23	3 20 30	4 28 07
Freddie	10 51 48	3 47 49	4 56 01
Arcola	10 54 33	3 58 44	4 47 01
Eva	10 55 42		
Fan	10 54 38	3 17 51	4 23 13
Ada	10 51 13		

The Estelle won the first-class prize, and the Fay that for second-class boats, marine glasses being awarded in both instances. The flag presented by J. H. Pasel to the boat making the fastest time over the course was also won by the Estelle. The weather was very pleasant, and everything passed off in a manner which afforded much satisfaction.

PRESENTATION TO AND BIG CHALLENGE FROM ENGLAND'S CHAMPION.—Robert Watson Boyd of Gateshead, the champion sculler of England, was entertained to dinner at the Gray Hound, Gateshead, June 12. The chair was occupied by Councillor Thomas Forster of Newcastle, who proposed Boyd's health, and presented to him, on behalf of his backers, the sum of £200, being the amount of the stakes won in his recent match on the Thames with Higgins, and also a gold stop-watch of the value of £50. Boyd, in returning thanks, said that all he wanted was health and strength, and to be thoroughly fit whenever he rowed, and he had no fear that he would maintain the championship for five years to come in the North. He expressed his readiness to row any man in the world for the championship cup on receiving three months' notice. The healths of Messrs. Barrass and McKenzie, the supporters of Boyd, were proposed. In responding, Mr. Barrass said they would find a stake for Boyd to row any man in the world for any amount up to £5,000 a side, or Boyd would row any man in the North for £1,000 a side on the Tyne, and Mr. McKenzie and himself would be prepared to bet £5,000 to £4,000 on Boyd. On the 15th, at a concert given in Newcastle Town-hall, the championship gold medal, given with the championship challenge cup by the proprietors of *The Newcastle Chronicle*, was presented to Boyd, and a purse of gold was at the same time presented to James Talbot, the trainer of Boyd, in recognition of his services.

ALCOYNE BOAT CLUB.—The annual social reunion and regatta of this Brooklyn organization was held on the Hudson River on Friday, June 29. The steamer Twilight carried the guests of the clubs to the number of about six hundred, nearly an equal proportion of whom were ladies, as a greater feature of the day than the boat races was the social part of the affair, embracing a supplementary sail up the Hudson as far as Sing Sing, and terpsichorean exercises going and returning. The course laid out for the races was between Riverside and the Yonkers, distance not known. None of those engaged can lay claim to any special excellence as wielders of the oar, while the majority were rather unacquainted with the mysteries of the art of oarsmanship. However, their efforts seemed to afford pleasure to the ladies, and, as that was the main object of the excursion, everybody appeared satisfied. The first race was for four-oared gigs, and was won by H. C. Du Val (bow), A. N. Waterhouse, W. J. Oliver, Lewis Switzer (stroke), T. A. Thornton (coxswain), who led their opponents all the way, and finished length and a half ahead. The other event was a six-oared gig-race, which was won by Ed. R. Seabury (bow), F. T. Lawrence, H. C. Field, Logan Waller, M. Hewitt, L. Saulnier (stroke), Wm. T. Sharpe (coxswain), who were behind at first, but won easily. Gold lockets rewarded the victors.

BROKERS WIELD THE BLADES.—A four-oared gig-race between crews each composed of members of the Harlem River June 27. Nearly all the men forming the opposing crews are experienced in the use of the oar, and a tolerably good race, for untrained men who had not practiced together, was mentioned as the result of the contest. "Damn the pennant! whip St. Louis." Last year half the money of the victory in winning the League championship was stolen by St. Louis through their record of 15 to 10 in won games with Chicago. This Chicago wants to wipe out. If it can be done, and win the pennant of 1877 too, all well and good. But the great point is to win the Western championship by defeating their St. Louis rivals. Between now and the 14th inst. some lively work will be done out West, in the way of base-ball matches, that is certain. Boston and which it will be up-hill work to overcome. Louisville St. Louis and Chicago; Cincinnati—now badly wounded and laid up for repairs—being temporarily out of the fight, if not for the entire season. This club, by the way, under the new management, is advancing in the right direction. It has secured an excellent and reliable catcher and a fine pitcher in Hastings and Cummings, and a good worker and fine outfielder in Ryan.

The International Pennant Race.

The series of games in the international championship arena, which were begun April 26, have reached a total of thirty-eight games, all but four of these have been single-figure contests, and in seventeen of these the winning nines' score did not exceed five runs, as this record shows:

May 15, Live Oak vs. Rochester	1 to 0
May 19, Live Oak vs. Allegheny	1 to 0
April 30, Allegheny vs. Buckeye	2 to 0
May 5, Allegheny vs. Tecumseh	2 to 0
May 12, Rochester vs. Allegheny	2 to 0
June 2, Allegheny vs. Live Oak	2 to 0
May 17, Tecumseh vs. Maple Leaf	3 to 1
May 30, Tecumseh vs. Manchester	3 to 2
May 10, Maple Leaf vs. Allegheny	4 to 2
June 28, Buckeye vs. Maple Leaf (12 innings)	4 to 3
June 1, Buckeye vs. Rochester	4 to 1
June 9, Manchester vs. Maple Leaf	4 to 2
May 29, Rochester vs. Maple Leaf	4 to 3
May 5, Manchester vs. Live Oak	5 to 0
May 31, Tecumseh vs. Maple Leaf	5 to 0
June 4, Rochester vs. Buckeye	5 to 2
June 11, Manchester vs. Allegheny	5 to 3

The full record to July 2—not inclusive—is as follows, and it shows Allegheny ahead, with Manchester and Rochester close behind:

	Chicago.	Cincinnati.	Louisville.	St. Louis.	Games Won.
Boston	4	2	4	1	11
Hartford	3	2	2	2	9
Games lost	7	4	6	3	20
	Boston.	Hartford.			Won.
Chicago	0	0			1
Cincinnati	0	0			3
Louisville	0	3			4
St. Louis	3	1			2
Games lost	3	5			8

It will be seen that the two Eastern nines have won twenty games and lost but eight with the four Western nines—a handicap which the latter will find it difficult to recover from. Last season the four Western nines led the four Eastern teams in the contest. In the contest for the League pennant the close of June sees the Bostons in the van, with the Hartfords second and Louisville third, as appears in the appended table:

	Won.	Lost.	Per Ct.
Boston	11	4	.733
Hartford	9	5	.643
Louisville	4	6	.400
Chicago	1	7	.125

GIG-RACE IN VIRGINIA.

The following dispatch gives details of a gig-race which has for some time past excited much interest among the residents of Lynchburg, Va., and vicinity:

LYNCHBURG, VA., June 30.—The two-mile race between the Tobacco City Club of Lynchburg and the Rives Club of the University of Virginia took place this evening. The latter club was the challenging party. The weather and place were everything that could be wished. About half the city went out to witness the contest. At 12 o'clock the Rives Club arrived in a special train from Charlottesville, bringing along large numbers of friends. At 6.30 the boats got into position. The Tobacco City crew rowed in a paper-boat 41ft. long and 26in. wide, which was manned as follows: W. H. Dudly (bow), J. S. Marshall, W. O. Owen, J. R. Hill (stroke), W. C. Langhorne (coxswain). The Rives Club used a cedar-boat 41ft. long and 30in. wide, and the crew were W. W. L'Engle (bow), Charles Steele, J. M. McFarland, De Courcy W. Thom (stroke), Willoughby Weske (coxswain). The Rives Club were decidedly the favorites after the start, and 10 to 1 on the University boys was freely offered. At the word "Go" they started off evenly, the Lynchburg Club unsteadily and excitedly, while the University crew was perfectly cool and steady. It was a neck-and neck race, though, up to the mile-buoy; but, in turning, the thwart of No. 2 in the Rives boat broke, and while the University crew were attempting to adjust it the Lynchburg crew shot ahead, and came in winners amid the wildest cheers. Time, 14m. 4s. The Rives Club came in a little behind. 300 yards behind. The result was very unexpected, and produced immense excitement and joy in the city.

A FLAT-BOAT REGATTA will be held on the Allegheny River, at Pittsburg, Pa., July 7, under the auspices of the Columbia Boat Club. The victor will receive an elegant leather medal, and a solid tin cup will reward the hindmost man.

THERE ARE LETTERS in our care addressed to "Steve" Taylor, "Johnny" Aaron, and Mr. Bauer.

BASEBALL.

GAMES TO BE PLAYED.

LEAGUE CLUB GAMES.

July 3, 4, Louisville vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.
July 4, Boston vs. Chicago, at Chicago.
July 4, Hartford vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.
July 4, 6, Boston vs. Chicago, at Chicago.
July 5, Hartford vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.
July 6, Hartford vs. Louisville, at Louisville.
July 6, 7, Boston vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.
July 7, Hartford vs. Louisville, at Louisville.
July 10, Boston vs. Louisville, at Louisville.
July 10, Hartford vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.
July 12, Boston vs. Louisville, at Louisville.
July 12, Hartford vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.
July 13, Boston vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.
July 13, Hartford vs. Chicago, at Chicago.
July 14, Boston vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.
July 14, Hartford vs. Chicago, at Chicago.

OTHER GAMES.

July 3, 4, Memphis Reds vs. Red Caps, at Memphis.
July 3, Springfield Reds vs. Liberty, at Springfield, Ill.
July 3, Alaska vs. Osceola, at West Brighton, S. I.
July 3, Athletic vs. Lone Star, at Catskill, N. Y.
July 3, 4, Buckeyes vs. Allegheny, at Allegheny, Pa.
July 4, St. Louis Am's vs. Louisville Am's, at Louisv'e.
July 4, Witoka vs. Active, at Wappinger's Falls, N. Y.
July 4, Mutual vs. Milwaukee, at Milwaukee, Wis.
July 4, Brooklyn vs. M. W. Nolen Club, at Albany, N. Y.
July 4 (A. M. and P. M.), Erie vs. Phila., at Buffalo, N. Y.
July 4, Young Mutual vs. Ariel, at Brooklyn.
July 4, Springfield Reds vs. Acma, at Springfield.
July 4, Forest City vs. Ludlow, at Springfield, O.
July 4, Evansville vs. Syracuse Star, at Evansville, Ind.
July 4, Winona vs. Greenport, at Greenport, L. I.
July 4 (A. M.), Quickstep vs. Elizabeth, at West Phila.
July 4 (P. M.), Quickstep vs. Defiance, at Wilmington, Del.
July 4, Arlington vs. Lafayette, at Stapleton, S. I.
July 4 (P. M.), Hoboken vs. Enterprise, at Jersey City.
July 4, Young Mutual vs. Fordham (coxswain), Red-Ed. Drake (bow), Joel Parker, C. H. Leland, R. W. Shack (stroke), C. J. Hudson (coxswain). The Reds, though going off in rather ragged fashion, and their boat rolling badly, quickly showed well in front; but it was only for a few moments, the Blues, rating down to steady business, going up hand-over-hand, getting the lead at the end of the first quarter mile, and thereafter forging farther ahead until the end, and winning with ease by three or four lengths. Referee, Frank Ellison.

THE BOSTON REGATTA.—The annual professional race meeting to be held at Boston, Mass., July 4, will, from present appearances, be the equal of any ever held on the Charles River. In the scullers' race especially the array of skilled oarsmen of national reputation is brilliant, embracing Evan Morris, the champion; Gerrard Hanlan, the winner of the Centennial Regatta Hanlan, the winner of the Centennial Regatta sculls; John A. Biglin, Fred A. Plaisted, Patsey Reagan, Jas. A. Ten Eyck, Frenchy Johnson and others. Biglin and Geo. Englehart will also pull in the pair-oared and double-scull events against other men of note; and if Maxwell is not lately been ailing and unable to take his thwart, is sufficiently recovered and fit, the New York four—Biglin, Englehart, Maxwell and Elliott—will probably start in the four-oared shell-race.

THE PALISADE CLUB of Yonkers, N. Y., held their annual reception at the boat-house on the Hudson, June 22. Among the two hundred and fifty guests present were representatives of the Manhattan R. C., Dauntless B. C., and other clubs on the Harlem River. A very enjoyable time was had by one and all. On the 26th the club's annual review took place, being participated in by two eight-oared gigs, two four-oared shells, two pair-oared gigs, a double-scull working-boat and a single-scull shell. A gig-race over a half-mile course wound up the proceedings. A handicap race for single shells, a four-oared shell race, a swimming contest and a tub-race are announced for July 4.

GIG-RACE ON THE HUDSON.—A match amateur-race in six-oared gigs came off at Tivoli, N. Y., June 25, between the Atalanta and Laureate crews of Trinity School, made up as follows: Atalanta—H. V. Haight (bow), W. T. Ames, W. W. Hanmer, A. T. Talmadge, E. B. Frost, S. H. Esselestine (stroke), E. B. Smith (coxswain). Laureate—C. H. Montgomery (bow), S. D. Brewer, C. C. Luckey, C. H. Frost, W. M. Ross, A. C. Rudd (stroke), W. E. Ludhim (coxswain). The race was closely contested until one of the sliding seats in the Atalanta boat broke down, when the Laureate went ahead and won. G. W. Davids was referee.

"THE EMPIRE NAVY" is the name adopted by an organization recently formed at Yonkers, N. Y., by the Palisade Club of that place, the Knickerbocker Club of Roanoville, the Highlands of Peekskill, and the Harlem R. C. of this city. Messrs. Reds, though going off in rather ragged fashion, and their boat rolling badly, quickly showed well in front; but it was only for a few moments, the Blues, rating down to steady business, going up hand-over-hand, getting the lead at the end of the first quarter mile, and thereafter forging farther ahead until the end, and winning with ease by three or four lengths. Referee, Frank Ellison.

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LEMONS UND BENZINE BILL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Der shky vas plack mit grade big glouds,
Cold vinds dem vild did blay;
Der shdreeds vas shmood mit shnow und freeze,
'Twas Habby Grisdmas-day.
Dwo old Dudtch shbords mitoud a cend
Vas a-shliding down der shdreet,
Drying to found a nice varm blace
To doast deir blayed-oud feet.

Deir hats vas pulid in dimes vent by;
Deir noses und cheeks vas red;
Bants dot exbosed deir boterdy
Vas vorn down to a dread.
Der bark vas heeled ot off deir sheeks;
Dem each had blendy hurts;
Deir coads vas buddoned high and dight
To hid deir dizzy shirts.

Dey hald! dey shmile! "A bier saloon!"
Dey piess deir lucky shdars!
Der sign abode says: "Coonrod Blum,
Wein, Lager und Cigars."
Mit joy deir faces all vas shmiles,
Dey shnell der shmell der shmell of gin!
Dey soddly bush der door von side,
Und shneakily beek in.

Inside dot all wos jollidy
Mit trink und doast und song,
So dese dwo bums made uh deir mind
To jine der fesdife prong.
Bill hoppled in quide shy ad fird,
Und den der oder cote
Kebd shliding long until he vas
Close by der red-hod shdove.

Dose nople soaks of ancient birdt
Botd vished dot dey vas drowned
In a big, big dank of gin und dinks,
As der doast und song vent round.
Der glinking glasses as dey met
Vas moosic to deir ears;
Such dimes like dose dem vasn'd saw
By dose Dudtch toughs for years.

Hot "Jerry and Toms" und "rishkey shkins,"
"Hot toddies" und "hot shbiced rums"
Vas guzzled down by all der growd
Dxcebd der dwo Dudtch bums.
For quide a vile dem visbered low,
Some goot scheme dried to hadch;
To glimb outside of dwo "hot rums"
Dey botd of dem did shgradch.

Says von of dese valdzing vishkey-casks
(Dem called him Benzine Bill):
"Of I don'd got my medsin soon
I'll had another shill!"
Den Lemons shpoked his old site bard:
"Bill, you got blendy sheek!
Go brace der bloke perhind der bar!
I'd buzz, bud I'm doo veak!"

Old Benzine Bill he dried quide hard
To look shdiff ub und broud.
Says "Lemons!" "You'd some berson blease
Be goot und dreat der growd!"
His shdrawperry nose vas full mit kinks
As he dinked of der "bails" he'd had;
Den he burned his back on der red-hod shdof,
Und he kicked und shvore righd bad.

Says Benzine Bill: "I'll dold you vat,
My togs vas awful 'shneid,'
Bud I'll kinder brace und den eud loose!"
Den he laughed und shtuck his head.
He vispered a shdrange und mournful dale,
He boured daffy in his ear,
Dill the gay young man who vas on der mix
Vas seen to drob a tear.

He delled boud fordunes made und loosd;
Boud shdrucles for food und resd;
Boud a million dollars dot soon vood came
From his dead shdep-soo-in "Ord Yeed."
How he'd nefer forgot goot friends und drue,
Mit gold he'd load dem down;
He'd rood dem oud, of he had to grebt
On his knees all dose dree town.

Bill's site-bard "Lemons," mit drembly hand,
Shdood ready near der door,
Oxbecding to got der "Von, two, tree!"
Like he always got before.
Bud now he seemed to gadder nerf
As Bill got more ad ease,
Und he gendly shlid to der gracker-box
Und vorked a hunk of sheese.

Der tears dem drickled der barkeeb's sheeks—
Bill dinked he had him beat;
But he made a misdook, for dem tears dem comed
From a cold in der barkeeb's head.
Bud Benzine Bill he ginned righd on,
He vas der man to shtence
He vas doing his lefel besd to von
For himself und his bard a drink.

Ven he drinked der righd dime just had come
Dot sorts to decide his fade,
He gendly binded ad "dwo hot rums"
To be shalked down on der shlade.
Bud der shmile der barkeeb gif him den
Dot made his plood to shreeze—
Und Lemons, nod knowing of drouble on feod,
Vas gronching der grackers und sheese.

In der leedle back-room vas a headdy gang,
Mit dommynoes blaying "rounce,"
Ub den Lemons vas visited, dem all dumbed ub
To gafe der dwo bums "der bounce."
Dey vibed der floor of der barroom ub
Mit Lemons and Benzine Bill;
Dey fired dem oud in der vater-trough
From dis lifely benzine-mill.

Und now, ven Lemons und Benzine Bill
Go to anyveres near abar,
Dem shlides like dot mos' favored var-horse of old,
"Der danger from aiar."
Und der fird faiseddo moof dot's made
Sends drough deir trames a shill;
Like der Arabs, dey "silendly sdole away,"
Botd Lemons und Benzine Bill. "OOFTY GOOFT."

THE POSTMAN'S STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MRS. J. W. FOX.

"Yes, indeed—we got taken in most beautiful, mother and me, and we aint too fond of talking about it; but it all came about like this ——"

The speaker paused and pressed down the tobacco in his pipe on the toe of his boot, as he sat thoughtfully nursing one foot on his knee. We were sitting on a little back porch screened from neighborly curiosity by a thick green curtain of vines trained carefully by strings leading to the slanting roof, and making a tiny green Eden of coolness and fragrance where the mellow evening light stole softly, through the interstices of scarlet leaves and delicate Madeira vines, lovely in color, exquisite in form.

Being a man of quiet, meditative habits, I had grown weary of the bustle of my hotel, and the elegances of club-rooms delighted me not, and, as no fair woman waited for me when twilight fell, I was free to where I listed. So I had searched leisurely and in my own way for a more retired resting-place, where I might "gang my ain gate" unremarked. Wandering in my quest through the smoke and grime of the great city, I had often turned into this by-way, where the roar of the streets softened into a murmur, and where a passing foot echoed loudly on its pavement—a solitude in the very heart of London town. The neatness of this particular house, a butcher's on the purest white, a grocer's on the panes in the windows, and, last but not least, the appearance of one or two pretty children, drew my idle steps to its portals. I looked and longed, and finally raised a terrific reverberation with the old-fashioned brass knocker—most unintentionally, I do declare—and straightway lost my heedless heart to the beaming, motherly face which answered my knock; for I had been a wanderer in many lands, and all my kith and kin were the other side of the blue water, and it had been many a long year since a mother's hand had been laid on my thinning locks, but the boy love had never died, and the old lady's face was always lovely to me for her sake.

"Well, yes," she said in a hesitating way in answer to my question, "they did sometimes let lodgings; but—maybe the room wouldn't suit—there was only one—and—and—but I could look at it if I liked."

I did look and I did like, and after some slight demur on her part I took possession of the "second-floor-front," as she called it. No one could have been dissatisfied with the quaint, pure neatness of the apartment, and I had been a inmate of No. 74" some five or six weeks, and was so comfortably cared for that I barely knew my bachelor self.

My landlord was a man somewhat beyond middle age—Moffatt by name, and a hearty, genial-mannered man, fond of his wife and home, and proud of his children in a fashion now going somewhat out of style—more's the pity. He was postman on a distant round, and, save for this sunset hour or two, absent most of the time. This brief leisure fell, however, immediately after my quiet little dinner, and we generally smoked our pipes in company on this little back porch, and I used to look forward to the time with pleasant expectation; for he was a shrewd fellow too, and had seen a deal of the world in his quiet way, and carried a big, generous heart under his neat uniform.

This evening I had been asking in a jocular way why they had seemed so unwilling to take me for a lodger, and if I presented a suspicious appearance of being a burglar or highwayman in disguise, and he had answered with a somewhat graver face than usual:

"Well, you see, sir, people aint always what they seem to be, and sometimes them as looks most innocent is the fullest of wickedness."

Mrs. Moffatt was sitting on the lower step darning the marital hose, and I saw her beaming face grow sad as she said quietly:

"We never had but one lodger afore you, sir, and she disappointed us dreadfully, and—but John can tell you better than I, if you care to hear; but it's rather a long story."

She didn't work any more, I noticed, but sat, picking out the pattern of her neat chintz gown with the point of her darning-needle, with a very grave face and preoccupied air.

"Well," he began slowly, "it's nigh on to six years ago now, when one morning, just as I was going out on my daily round, there came a timid knock on the front door, just as I laid my hand on the knob inside. I opened it immediate, and there stood a young lady, looking a little scared and timid-like, dressed in some neat, dark stuff, and holding by the hand the prettiest little girl I ever saw; and she said in a soft, gentle voice as 'I'd like to look at the lodgings, if you please.' We had agreed—mother and me—to let the second-pair-front since our Patty—that's our oldest girl, sir, as is married, bless her!—had gone to America with her husband, and was doing beautiful out there, and the young lady seemed to like it, and suit her, and we wanted to fill the gap with some nice party that mother here could cosset to her heart's content.

"She looked at the room and seemed pleased, and said in her gentle way, if the terms were not too high, she'd take the lodging. Well, sir, the rent wasn't much matter to us; for, being a steady man in my way, and having the very best housekeeper in the kingdom for my wife'—with a loving look at the bent head and busy hand as she still picked out her pattern—"I had laid by something for a rainy day, and can give my gals a good setting-out when they find their mates. So I named a small sum, for I saw that mother's eyes were shining as she stood looking at the little girl, for the grass was just green, and the daisies were just in bloom on the first and only grave we ever had to make—our little Lucy's; but it seemed as though we laid away the light of our life with her, just the age of this little beauty when she died.

"The young lady—for quite young she was, though the child called her 'mamma'—looked relieved at the terms mentioned, and said she would take immediate possession if we pleased. She had but little luggage—one box—which she would go at once and have sent round, and might little Mabel stay with us till she came back? We agreed to it all, and mother took the little lady downstairs and gave her some breakfast; and of all dainty little maidens, she beat any I ever saw, and so winning one couldn't help loving her. She said her name was Mabel Stafford, and they had just come from Germany, and she didn't like it over there, for the men wore such great, rough beards, and smoked all the time, and papa was often cross and made mamma cry, and oh, isn't she a beautiful mamma, and hasn't she a beautiful name, Lucia Stafford? and —— Those bits of family history were all we ever learned, for just then Mrs. Stafford, coming in, stopped her chattering, and took her upstairs.

"Time passed on. Mrs. Stafford—or Lucia, as we began to call her—went out every day to her work, leaving Mabel to us, and a rare treat she was to our children, who regarded her as something superior, and humored her in every possible way. We all grew to loving very dearly the light-hearted thing, dancing through the house all day, singing in her baby-voice such queer little songs in a foreign lingo, never cross, and never in the way. After a few months the bit of rent began to come irregular, and one day Lucia came with such a pitiful face to ask us to wait a little while—till she could get some back money that was due her.

"'Don't distress yourself, my dear,' says mother. 'You are a thousand times welcome to the little you have—if only for Mabel's sake—but you're welcome for your own, for its heartsome like to have Patty's room occupied by such bright eyes and such a sweet face. It seems as if Patty was here herself.'

"'Oh, thank you, thank you,' she says. 'I can pay you after a time, and I love to stay.'

"'Now, my dear, don't you say another word about the matter,' says mother. 'You're as welcome as flowers in May.'

So she said no more, but went singing upstairs.

"That very evening we were all sitting together on this very porch, and Lucia and Mabel had been singing some kind of a chirruping duet, the baby voice guided by the mother's, when our Maggie came tearing in with a bunch of fresh wall-flowers she had got—Lord knows where—and tossed them into Lucia's lap, crying: 'Aint they sweet? I got 'em for you.' The rich perfume filled the place in a minute, and Mabel snatched them up and buried her face in them; but Lucia turned all white and faint-like, put her two hands up to her face and turned her head away, crying: 'Oh, take them away, take them away!' got up like a ghost, fled upstairs, and we heard her lock herself in. Mabel never stirred, only said pityingly: 'Poor mamma, she always did so when papa was cross,' and my heart ached to think of that tender young thing shrinking and trembling before an angry man.

"Late that night, when the children were all safe in bed, mother and me sat speculating about our lodger. Mabel lay sleeping in mother's lap, the despised flowers cuddled close up to her rosy cheek, when Lucia came stealing down like a spirit, and, sitting down at her feet, said very softly:

"'I know you think I'm strange. Let me tell you why I don't like wall-flowers. Years ago—not many, though, for I'm young yet—I lived in a quiet country village with my father. He and I were all that was left, and I was the light of his life, the hope of his heart, the end and aim of his whole existence. The whole wide world held naught else for him, and I killed him—I broke his heart, and he died. It's the old story, you know it well—a gentleman coming to a quiet place for the benefit of his health, and he heard the old story of love and elopement. But he married me,' she added quietly, holding up a slim white hand on which shone a plain band of gold—'he married me and broke my heart, and I left him. It had been only a year, one little year, since I left my father's home, and I was happy in mine. What else should I go? Certain he would forgive me, sure of his love and protection, and safe once more in his arms, whom should I fear?

"'The last rays of sunset were fading from the skies when I reached my home and crept softly up to the study-window where he loved to sit, I would half blind him along with, then I knew I could dare anything. How still it was! I could hear the ripple of the brook at the bottom of the yard. The long white curtains of the study-window were fluttering in the fresh evening-air, just rising. The young moon's crescent hung just over the lime, and all upon the lawn was standing in the front parlor, all sorter confused, and I had a suspicion that all was not right, but I couldn't give my thoughts a name.

"'Mrs. Moffatt,' says Mr. H—— in a quiet way, but keeping his keen, dark eyes fixed on her face, 'were you in my store this morning?'

"'Indeed, and I was,' says she; 'and a pretty penny I left with you, to be sure.'

"'What did you buy?' says Mr. H——.

"'A plum-colored merino,' she answered; 'and a great bargain I got it, too, for a nicer piece of goods ——'

"'Never mind the goods,' says he. 'What did you give in payment?'

"'A five-pun note,' she says promptly, 'and I got my change all correct; and whatever you can want ——'

"She began to hesitate, seeing their black looks, and Mr. H—— says:

"'Mrs. Moffatt, that five-pound note is a counterfeit, and you must come with us.'

"I was going to interfere, when the other gent, who hadn't spoke a word, opened his coat and showed me his badge; and then, of course, I knew it wasn't any use for me to say a word. Mother began to cry and take on, when the policeman says very quietly:

"'Can you tell us where you got that note, Mrs. Moffatt?'

"'Yes,' she says at once, 'I got it ——' Then it flashed on her where she did get it, and she stammered: 'That is, leastways—I aint sure,' till one Maggie, who had been taught to speak the truth and shame the devil—saving your presence, sir—put in on her own account:

"'Yes, mother, don't you remember? Lucia gave it to you, and another one too.'

"'Oh,' said he. 'Lucia gave it to you, did she? Well, who's Lucia?'

"'Our second-floor-front,' says Maggie, determined to clear her mother.

"'Well,' said the officer, 'those bogus notes have been in circulation some time. This is the first one I have been able to trace. I have traced it here, and now I'm going to see your second-floor-front.'

"He had locked the front-door and put the key in his pocket while speaking, and now coolly led the way upstairs, all of us following in a dazed kind of way, poor mother crying under her breath. Lucia was singing in a sweet, high voice, and did not hear us till we reached the door. She opened it at the knock, still singing, and stood aghast on the threshold, and staring with a dreadful horror in her brown eyes. I can see her in my mind as she looked that day, her pretty brown hair in loose curls on her neck, her neat home-dress and dainty apron, but with all the pink gone out of her face, and one hand clasped to her bosom. I can see the room too: Mabel playing in the sunlight on the floor with her dolls, the pretty bright carpet, and little trinkets lying about, and her sewing, something delicate and dainty for Mabel, lying just as it had fallen as she rose.

"'Ah!' says the officer quietly, 'I have found you at last, have I? Molly Brent, alias Alice Martin, alias Mrs. Brookes, alias Lucia Stafford, I have been looking for you a long time. Now I have found you, I know pretty well where to look for the balance of the gang, and you must come with me, my dear. Suppose, first, you give me the rest of those bogus notes you have in your possession.'

"She shut and locked the door, went to the bureau, and there, in among Lucia's little bits of finery, Mabel's little frocks and pinafores, lay a handful of those dreadful notes. He rolled them up and put them in his breast-pocket while she stood looking at him.

"A moment more and she had flown at him like a tigress, with something shining bright in her hand; but he was too quick for her—caught her gently but firmly—took away the keen little knife, and snapped the handcuffs on her pretty white wrists in less than a moment's space. Then she stood panting. I took mother and Mabel downstairs, and put the child in her arms, while the two men called a cab and took the poor fallen thing away.

"The officer was right. What clue finding her may have given him I am sure is beyond me, but find the rest of the gang he did, and they had their shameful trial—our Lucia with all the rest in the dock—pointed and mocked and jeered at by any and all. All the bitter truth came out. She was a willing tool in their wicked hands—useful because of her innocent way and truthful face, and her shameful work was to put the counterfeit notes in circulation. She had stayed with us so long because our retired place of abode suited her, and she had shammed poverty to further her sinful plans. They all had severe sentences, and she got fourteen years. The day before the convict-ship sailed for Australia, she sent for mother. Our poor Mabel went utterly heartbroken to the dreadful prison, and there, in the company of felons, she saw her.

"She was sitting by a fierce-looking man, sullen and dogged, but with Mabel's brow and eyes. Lucia laid her hand on his, looked defiantly at us, and said coldly:

"'My husband—we go together,' and then she broke down all at once and cried out: 'Mabel, Mabel!' and mother understood her, and said solemnly:

"'Yes, as long as I live—as I hope for mercy!'

"And then we came away and left her.

"We will always keep little child. Shall hear her now, how she sings. Her mother's sweet, high voice she will never know—thank God for that. We heard once that Lucia was dead. I hope she may be, but we cannot surely know. This is my story, and maybe you'll understand why we did not want another lodger. Mother and me have often wondered if that pitiful story she told us was all of a piece with the rest of her deception, or if it was true, and was the last bitter cry of her soul as she tore herself loose from all that made her life as other lives, her womanhood as other women's."

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"How happy she looks, sir!" he exclaimed, squeezing the Squire's hand, "and how beautiful. There goes the half-hour, and here come some carriages. Good-bye till eleven," and he ran off, leaving the Squire to look after him with moist eyes.

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GENERAL GRANT IN ENGLAND.
HIS RECEPTION AT LIVERPOOL BY THE PEOPLE.

TAKEN BY OUR ARTIST ON THE SPOT.

The above spirited illustration is the work of one of "Our Jim's's" chums, a cabin-boy on board the Indiana; he kindly sent it to James, with the request that it be published in THE CLIPPER. The young artist, it will be seen, does not confine the work to Gen. Grant, but all the surroundings are presented with a minuteness and a life-like vividness that reflect great credit upon the artistic skill of the young man. The noble ship is shown moving up the river, while the counterfeit presentment of the General stands out in bold relief. The salute given by the gunboat is another clever feature of this engraving, while the people from London are presented with a fidelity to nature seldom witnessed in similar productions. The trivial incident of a man overboard is not overlooked by our artist, but the drowning man is shown in his despair as he is going down for the last time, just as a boat to rescue him heaves in sight. The town of Liverpool and the docks are marvels of artistic excellence. With native modesty, the designer of the above illustration devotes but a small corner to his own portrait, the accuracy of which is vouched for by the "Jim" boy.

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"They are very proud, these Melvilles," she said quietly, "and keep to their own set. But here they are, your grace. What a magnificent pair of grays those are!"

"A wedding present from the bridegroom," whispered a bystander.

Then the crowd outside began to cheer, and the one within to buzz and press forward. Then the bishop, in benign and of course in white lawn ecclesiastic, appeared within the altar-rails. All heads were turned towards the vestry

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

FOURTH OF JULY, 1877.

Midsummer-night's Festival.

In view of the recurrence of the anniversary of the nation's birth, we have prepared a programme appropriate to the occasion. Our mammoth orchestra, composed of one hundred and fifty musical celebrities, each one a host in himself, will appear for the first time in a new pavilion, constructed expressly for this occasion, the same being illuminated by myriads of colored lights, the whole presenting a scene of remarkable brilliancy. As a fitting prelude to this rare patriotic programme, the orchestra and chorus will now perform that grand old work, dear to every American heart, entitled

HAIL COLUMBIA.

Hail Columbia! happy land!
Hail ye heroes! heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won;
Let independence be our boast.
Ever mindful what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.
Firm—united—let us be,
Rallying round our liberty;
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more!
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood, the well-earned prize.
While offering peace sincere and just,
In Heaven we place a manly trust,
That Truth and Justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.
Firm—united—let us be,
Rallying round our liberty;
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Sound, sound the trump of fame,
Let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause;
Let every clime, to Freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear;
With equal skill and god-like power
He governed in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with ease
The happier times of honest peace.
Firm—united—let us be,
Rallying round our liberty;
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

CLIPPER MAMMOTH ORCHESTRA AND PAVILION.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE, JULY 4, 1860.

Joseph Jefferson leased and opened Laura Keene's Theatre, in this city (now the Olympic), May 16, 1860, for a Summer season, which proved very prosperous, and closed Sept. 1. We select the performances given by him on the night of Wednesday, July 4, as being the most appropriate for our present issue. Joseph Jefferson is starring in England. James Simmonds died in Auckland, New Zealand, in November, 1870. Thomas Baker still pursues his profession in this city. James E. Hayes, who subsequently became the manager of this theatre, died here May 7, 1873. J. H. Stoddart is acting in the Grand Opera-house, this city. Charles R. Thorne Jr. is rusticating in Cohasset, Mass. Mrs. Henry Vining died in London, Eng., Dec. 5, 1874. Miss Cornelia Jefferson is in retirement. Mrs. John Wood is in London, Eng., and was recently managing the St. James Theatre. T. G. Burnett died in Chicago, Ill., March 30, 1870. James Hurley died in this city May 17, 1875. F. S. Chanfrau is at Long Branch, N. J. Miss Hettie Warren married and retired from the stage some years ago. Miss Ione Burke is in retirement in England.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager.....Mr. Joseph Jefferson
Stage-manager.....Mr. James Simmonds
Musical Director.....Mr. Thomas Baker
Scenic Artist.....J. E. Hayes

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1860.
the performance to commence with the favorite farce of
SLASHER AND CRASHER.
Slasher.....Mr. Jefferson|John.....Mr. Goodrich
Crasher.....Mr. J. Simmonds|Dinah.....Mrs. Vining
Bloshard.....Mr. Stoddart|Rosa.....Miss Jefferson
Brook C. Thorne
After which will be produced the new burlesque, founded on the Arabian Nights' story of Camaralzaman and Badura, entitled
TYCOON, OR YOUNG AMERICA IN JAPAN.
Characters:
Persimmons, a fast youth of modern times, kept fast locked by his father, which has a tendency to make him faster, addicted to Japanware.....Mrs. John Wood
The Tycoon, addicted to having his own way, putting his head out of the way, and bringing up a wayward daughter.....Mr. Jefferson
Young Coon, a distant relative of Old Zip Coon, and nephew of Tycoon.....
Koniac, a third class spirit, i. e. a dojinn, a sort of bottle imp, much addicted to poker, a connoisseur in the fine arts—in short, a regular Japanese Bohemian.....
Floxi, keeper of the Halfway House in the clouds, consequently only a halfway spirit.....Mr. Hurley
Chanterlain, keeper of the rod, one of which is a fishing pickle for himself.....Mr. Goodrich
Allura, a young lady who resists all attempts to allure her to ruin.....Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau
Begonia, a first-class spirit, addicted to falling in love with mere mortals and meeting a mortal repulse.....Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau
Myrtilla, a pure spirit.....Miss H. Warren
Fadilla, a young lady retained for the express purpose of administering a pill.....Miss Ione Burke
Doors open at half-past 7; performance to commence at 8 o'clock.
Admission: Dress-circle and parquet, 50cts.; orchestra chairs, $1; family circle, 25cts.; balcony chairs, 75cts.; private boxes, $6 and $5.

ARTIFICIAL CASCADE AND GROTTO.

At a heavy outlay of capital we have had constructed, in the rear of the Garden, an artificial grotto and waterfall, a seven-horsepower steam-engine supplying real water for the cascade, which has a fall of forty-five feet in the clear. The surroundings, which are all artificial, as you may perceive by close inspection, are so life-like and natural as to have the impression that the trees and shrubs and tropical plants are in reality what they seem to be.

THE LOVERS' WALK.

Near the foot of the cascade is a rustic bridge, which crosses a yawning chasm of water and leads behind the fall, where refreshments will be served as shown in the accompanying tableau. This entire work is one of the most beautiful and pleasing features ever introduced in a Summer Garden. Although a large body of water finds its way over the cataract, there is not the slightest danger of accident by the giving-way of the works, which are built of like sack, and securely fastened with iron braces and screws; so that our friends may enjoy themselves in perfect security, as may be seen in the illustration, which represents a niche behind the fall, where the cool breezes from the water help to make this artificial Paradise deliciously pleasant.

BEHIND THE CATARACT.

Those who prefer the walks of the drama can witness a creditable performance, in the adjoining "lecture room," of a highly instructive and patriotic play, and no extra charge for admission, the popular price of ten cents giving free entry every department of this Fourth-of-July entertainment.

The entertainment will conclude with "The Star-spangled Banner," performed by the brass band, and the audience will please rise and join in the chorus of that soul-stirring anthem.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

With Orchestral and Brass-band Accompaniment, and a Chorus of a Thousand Voices.

THE SOLO AND THE DRUM OBLIGATO BY MISS AMERICUS VESPUCCI, THE CELEBRATED AMERICAN FEMALE DRUMMER.

Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twi-light's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming,
And the rocket's red glare, bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
Oh, say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
On the shore dimly seen through the mist of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner, O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave,
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation.
Blessed with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

AMERICUS VESPUCCI,
The World-renowned Female Drummer.

BASEBALL.

LOUISVILLE vs. HARTFORD.

The fifth game of the series between these now leading nines of the League arena took place in Brooklyn on June 27, and what with the previous play of the Louisvilles and the defeat of the Bostons again by the Hartfords, giving promise of a very close and exciting contest there was the largest attendance of spectators yet seen on the Union Grounds this season. This result plainly shows that the patrons of the game only need be assured of honest efforts to win in the prominent matches of the season to turn out in as great a number as ever they did. It will take time to remove the bad impression made under the old regime; but things are improving rapidly, and the confidence in the integrity of professional play, such as used to prevail in the old Atlantic's days, is likely to be restored here.

The game of Wednesday last was almost entirely a fielding contest, not a run being earned on either side, all the runs scored being obtained through fielding errors. In the Louisville's first inning, after Latham had opened with a base-hit, he was given his third by Carey's bad throw, and he ran home on an overpitch, and the life given Hague by Carey led to his being able to score his run by Shaffer's base-hit. In their second inning, too, after Craver had made a base-hit, a passed ball sent him round, and by this error he got home on Crowley's hit, otherwise he would have been left. In the seventh inning, also, though Shaffer led off with a three-base hit, but for Burdock's foul throw to the wrong side of home-base, and Harbidge's muff of the ball in consequence, no run would have been scored. On the other side, but for Gerhardt's muff of Harbidge's ball, after one man was out and two on bases, giving a chance for a double-play, the Hartfords would not have scored. These were the only errors which yielded runs. The Louisvilles made 9 base-hits to the Hartfords' 6, and that, of course, helped matters; but it was the fielding errors alone which led to the runs being scored. This contest afforded another illustration of the unreliability of simple base-hitting as the sole criterion of a pitcher's ability or his delivery. Take the seventh inning's play as an example. Shaffer opened with a hit which gave him third base. Then Gerhardt hits a ball to Burdock, which gave the latter an easy chance to throw out Shaffer at home, and, even with the bad throw and the subsequent muff, the runner was nearly put out. The next striker went out on a fly, which would have been two out; the next made a base-hit, and the one after him hit a ball which gave a chance for a double-play. There were several instances in these three games in which three base-hits were made in an inning, and yet not a run was scored. Suppose an average of two hits were made in an inning in a full game in which not a run was scored on either side, that would be eighteen base-hits off the pitcher. "How badly he was punished!" says one, "The pitching must have been weak," remarks another; and yet the chances for putting players out off the pitching were such as to prevent a single run being scored. When base-hits are followed by earned runs, then the pitcher may be to blame for the batting, but not until then. After three plain chances are offered off the pitching to put the side out for a blank score, base-hits made afterwards count for nothing as against the pitching. It was so in this game. In the third, fourth, sixth and ninth innings of the Louisville's base-hits were made, and yet not a run was scored in any of those innings. So it was in the first, third, fourth and fifth innings of the Hartfords.

A full analysis of the play of both nines in these three games, played on a perfect infield, gives the palm to the Louisvilles alike in fielding, batting, pitching and base-running. In fact, they have as strong a League team as any we have seen play in Brooklyn this season. It could, of course, be improved in one or two places. What nine is there which could not? Improvement can be improved in every way since we last saw him in the field. His base-play in these games was admirable, while his batting and base-running were up to a high mark. Devlin, too, is a far stronger pitcher than he was last year. He has a lower delivery, and more command of the ball than before. He and Snyder now work in harness together in tip-top style. Gerhardt, too, fills the bill at second base in Barnes' style. His plays were the same as at times very brilliant, and, with first-class support, one knows how to run the machine in the field better than Craver, and when he likes he can "play ball up to the handle," as he did in these games. In the outfield Crowley bore off the palm decidedly, his brilliant fielding in this last game being the feature of the contest. There is one thing, however, the management should put a stop to, and that is the habit a majority of the nine have of indulging in "chin-music" when the umpiring does not suit.

BROOKLYN.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	LOUISVILLE.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Holder, s.	0	1	2	1	0	0	Latham, l. b.	5	1	1	11	0	1
Start, 1st b.	3	0	1	11	0	0	Hague, 3d b.	4	1	0	1	0	1
Burdock, 2 b	4	0	0	1	7	1	Hall, l. f.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Carey, c.	4	0	1	7	3	2	Devlin, p.	4	0	0	0	7	0
Ferguson, 3b	3	0	0	2	5	0	Shaffer, r.f.	4	1	3	3	1	0
York, l. f.	3	1	2	2	0	1	Gerhardt, 2b	4	0	1	4	3	1
Cassidy, r.	4	0	1	1	0	0	Craver, s. s.	4	0	0	1	2	0
Harbidge, c.	3	0	1	3	2	2	Snyder, c.	4	0	1	5	2	0
Larkin, p.	4	0	0	0	1	2	Crowley, c. f.	3	0	1	2	1	0
Totals.	30	1	6	27	14	7	Totals.	36	4	9	27	13	3
Brooklyn	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1
Louisville	2	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	4

First-base on errors—Brooklyn, 1; Louisville, 3. Runs earned, 1. Passed ball—Harbidge, 1. Left on base—Brooklyn, 4; Louisville, 3. Double-plays—by Shaffer and Latham, by Burdock and Start. Struck out—Larkin, 3; Ferguson, 1; Hague, 2; Shaffer, 1. Umpire, Mr. Kenny of the Atlantic. Time, 1h. 55m.

PITCHERS' SCORE.—Balls called—on Devlin, 12; Larkin, 13. Fouls struck—from Devlin, 27; Larkin, 13. Strikes called—off Devlin, 21; Larkin, 21. Bases on called balls—by Devlin, 0; Larkin, 3. Overpitches—by Devlin, 0; Larkin, 1. Assistance on strikes—by Devlin, 4; Larkin, 3.

The following is the analysis of the play in the three games:

BATTING AND BASE-RUNNING.

	Louisville	Hartford
First-base hits	21	31
Total bases by hits	35	36
Runs scored	9	6
Runs earned	3	0
Struck out	9	9
Put out on flies	9	9
Put out on fouls	17	9
Put out on bases	42	40
Times reached first base	39	38
Left on bases	15	18
Left on earned bases	10	8

FIELDING AND PITCHING.

	Louisville	Hartford
First base by errors	8	5
Missed catches	6	5
Overthrows	3	6
Muffed balls	1	2
Passed balls	2	1
Double-plays	5	4
Bases on called balls	3	4
Balls called on pitcher	47	36
Strikes called from pitcher	86	66
Fouls struck from pitcher	41	76
Assist. on strikes by pitch	7	8
Overpitches	3	1

It will be seen by the above analysis that the Louisvilles outbatted, outfielded, and outpitched the Hartfords in the three games. The record of the victories of the two nines in League-club contests is as follows:

LOUISVILLE.

May 12, Louisville vs. Cincinnati, at Louisville	12 to 8
May 14, Louisville vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati	24 6
May 19, Louisville vs. Hartford, at Louisville	9 5
May 30, Louisville vs. St. Louis, at Louisville	11 6
May 31, Louisville vs. Chicago, at Louisville	3 1
June 2, Louisville vs. Chicago, at Louisville	9 2
June 7, Louisville vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis	1 0
June 11, Louisville vs. Chicago, at Chicago (13 inn.)	8 7
June 14, Louisville vs. Cincinnati, at Louisville	11 3
June 16, Louisville vs. Cincinnati, at Louisville	8 4
June 23, Louisville vs. Hartford, at Hartford	3 2
June 27, Louisville vs. Hartford, at Brooklyn	4 1
Total, twelve games.	11

HARTFORD.

May 10, Hartford vs. Chicago, at Chicago	14 to 10
May 18, Hartford vs. Louisville, at Louisville	12 2
May 22, Hartford vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati	6 4
May 23, Hartford vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati	7 0
May 9, Hartford vs. Boston, at Brooklyn	7 0
May 12, Hartford vs. Boston, at Brooklyn	7 0
May 16, Hartford vs. St. Louis, at Brooklyn	3 0
May 18, Hartford vs. St. Louis, at Brooklyn	3 2
May 19, Hartford vs. Chicago, at Brooklyn	13 6
May 21, Hartford vs. Chicago, at Brooklyn	5 4
May 25, Hartford vs. Louisville, at Brook'n (11 inn.)	5 4
May 26, Hartford vs. Boston, at Boston	4 2
Total, twelve games.	11

The Louisvilles had lost eight games up to the 27th, and the Hartfords lost seven. The game of the 25th, however, has been protested by the Louisvilles.

FALL RIVER vs. BOSTON.

A game in which these clubs took part at New Bedford, Mass., June 27, resulted in the defeat of the Reds, who were excelled in every way by the Fall Rivers at all points. In the first inning the Bostons scored four runs by four errors and Brown's two-baser. In the seventh inning, by terrific batting, aided by a wild throw by W. White, the Fall Rivers made four runs, gaining a lead. Johnson's pitching was very effective. Mutrie, Mack, Hackett, Rowen, Hanlon and Libby excelled for the Fall Rivers, and J. White, Wright, Leonard and O'Rourke played brilliantly for the Bostons.

FALL RIVER.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	BOSTON.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Smith, c. f.	0	1	1	0	0	Wright, 3d b	0	1	1	4	2
Mutrie, s. s.	0	2	1	3	2	Leonard, s. s.	0	1	2	0	4
Canary, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0	O'Rourke, l. f.	1	0	3	0	0
Mack, r. f.	0	1	2	0	0	White, c.	0	0	5	1	0
Libby, 1st b.	1	2	16	1	2	Sutton, 3d b	0	1	2	2	1
Hanlon, 3d b.	2	1	1	3	0	Brown, r. f.	0	1	1	0	0
Hackett, 2d b.	0	2	1	3	0	Morrill, 1st b	0	0	9	0	1
Rowen, c.	1	1	5	0	2	Murnan, c. f.	0	0	1	0	2
Johnson, p.	1	2	0	6	1	W. White, p.	0	0	1	3	2
Totals.	6	13	27	16	7	Totals.	4	2	27	11	8
Fall River	0	0	0	1	0	0	4	0	1	0—6	
Boston	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—4	

Earned runs—Fall River, 3; Boston, 0. Struck out—Boston, 3. Two-base hits—Mutrie, Hanlon, Hackett and Brown, 1 each. Umpire, C. A. Cook of New Bedford. Time, 1h. 30m.

LOWELL vs. BOSTON.

Four runs obtained in the third inning on errors by Sutton, a passed ball, a wild throw by W. White, base-hits of Foley and Knight, and a two-baser by A. Whitney secured a victory for the Lowells in a game played on their grounds with the Boston Club, June 25. About 2,500 people were delighted at witnessing the home club's triumph.

LOWELL.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	BOSTON.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Crane, 2d b.	1	0	7	2	4	Wright, 2d b.	0	1	1	1	2
F. Whitney, l. f.	1	1	0	1	0	Leonard, s. s.	1	2	0	3	2
Foley, p.	1	3	0	3	1	White, c.	2	2	10	0	1
Sullivan, c.	0	1	4	3	2	O'Rourke, l. f.	0	1	4	0	0
A. Whitney, 3b	1	1	2	1	0	Sutton, 3d b.	0	1	4	0	2
Hawes, c. f.	0	0	1	1	3	Brown, r. f.	2	0	0	0	0
Piggott, 1st b.	0	1	11	0	0	Morrill, 1st b.	0	2	6	0	0
Wright, s. s.	0	0	0	6	1	Murnan, c. f.	0	3	2	0	1
Knight, 1st b.	2	2	12	1	1	W. White, p.	0	0	0	5	2
Totals.	7	9	27	19	12	Totals.	6	11	27	10	12
Lowell	0	0	4	0	1	2	0	0	0	0—7	
Boston	2	0	0	0	0	2	0	2	0	0—6	

Passed balls—White, 1. Balls on Foley, 13; White, 20. Strikes—off Foley, 16; White, 20. Home run—J. White, 1. Three-base hit—G. Wright. First base on errors—Lowell, 6; Boston, 4. Left on bases—Lowell, 7; Boston, 5. Struck out—Crane, 2; Sullivan, 1; Brown, 2; Piggott, 1; O'Rourke, 1; Brown, 2. Umpire, Mr. Nickerson of Brown University. Time, 2h. 10m.

WILKESBARRE vs. PHILADELPHIA.

The Philadelphia Club showed up in Wilkesbarre, Pa., June 25, and were there beaten by the Wilkesbarres, who batted much more heavily than their antagonists.

WILKESBARRE.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	PHILA.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Moore, l. f.	1	5	1	0	0	Meyers, p.	1	0	0	4	2
Gillespie, 2b	4	2	2	2	3	Baker, c.	4	0	0	6	5
Hopkinson, 3b	4	1	2	1	2	Bechtel, c. f.	3	0	0	1	0
Stine, c. f.	4	1	1	0	0	Phillips, l. f.	3	0	0	0	0
Hoeh'd'rib,	4	0	2	8	0	Fredericks, 3b	3	0	0	3	4
Dunnegan, c.	4	0	1	13	1	Connell, 1st b	3	0	0	6	0
Parrott, r. f.	4	0	1	0	0	Birchall, 3d b	3	0	0	1	0
Hamm, s. s.	4	0	0	1	1	Jackson, s. s.	3	0	0	0	1
Price, p.	4	0	1	1	4	Childs, r. f.	3	0	1	1	0
Totals.	37	5	11	27	11	Totals.	29	1	2	27	12
Wilkesbarre	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	4	0—5	
Philadelphia	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0—1	

Earned runs—Wilkesbarre, 3; Philadelphia, 0. First base on errors—Wilkesbarre, 5; Philadelphia, 1. Two-base hits—Gillespie, 1; Hankinson, 1. Strikes called—off Price, 46; Meyers, 31. Balls called on Price, 16; Meyers, 13. Struck out—Wilkesbarre, 4; Philadelphia, 12. Umpire, F. F. Conroy. Time, 1h. 40m.

ATHLETIC vs. PHILADELPHIA.

The third match for the State championship between the rival professional nines of Philadelphia was played in that city June 28, in the presence of about two hundred persons, the threatening appearance of the weather preventing a larger attendance. The two preceding games had been closely contested, the Philadelphias making the winning runs in the first game in the very last inning, and the Athletics winning the second game by a single run. Lomas pitched for the Philadelphias in these two games, but appeared against his old comrades in the last game, Banker, formerly of the Easton nine of 1874, filling the position of pitcher for the Philadelphias. Manager Senseenderfer took Ryan's place with the Athletics, while Connell played with the Philadelphias in the absence of McCloskey, their regular catcher. The Athletics took the lead, and in fact won the game in the second inning, bad errors by Jackson and Myers, with clean hits by Senseenderfer, McGlynn and Eggler, then yielding four runs after the first two strikers had been retired. The Athletics made only three more base-hits during the game, on one of which, however, assisted by Bechtel's bad miss, they made another run. The Philadelphias made only two clean hits in the first eight innings, and the only run they then obtained was made after Bechtel had been given a base on called balls and was helped home by a passed ball. The finish of the contest proved unusually exciting, Baker and Bechtel leading off for the Philadelphias with safe hits to short centre field, and Sensy missed the difficult chance Phillips offered him, three men were on the bases. Myers' hit, however, forced Phillips out, but allowed Baker to reach the home-plate. Coons then "pigpied" Connell's hit, and Bechtel ran home. Myers was caught napping at third, and Birchall ended the agony by going out at first.

ATHLETIC.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	PHILA.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Eggler, c. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0	McMullin, c. f	4	0	0	1	0	1
Reach, 1st b.	4	0	0	11	0	0	Baker, c.	4	0	1	10	1	0
Coons, 3d b.	4	0	2	2	2	1	Bechtel, r. f.	4	2	2	1	0	1
Fisler, r. f.	4	0	0	6	0	1	Phillips, l. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Meyerle, s. s.	4	0	0	0	3	1	Myers, 2d b.	4	0	0	2	1	1
Sens'd'f, c. f.	4	1	1	0	0	1	Connell, 1st b	4	0	0	13	0	0
Shetzline, 2b	4	1	0	4	2	0	Birchall, 3b.	4	0	0	0	4	0
McGlynn, c.	4	2	1	2	4	0	Jackson, s.s.	3	0	1	1	2	2
Lomas, p.	4	1	0	2	7	1	Banker,	4	0	0	0	1	0
Totals.	36	5	6	27	16	9	Totals.	35	3	4	27	9	5
Athletic	0	0	4	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0—5
Philadelphia	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0—3

Runs earned—none. First base by fielding errors—Athletic, 4; Philadelphia, 4. Reaches called balks—Philadelphia, 1. Total times reaching first base—Athletic, 10; Philadelphia, 10. Umpire, Wm. Warr. Time, 1h. 50m.

THE AUBURN (N. Y.) CLUB.

We subjoin scores of three games played by the above club June 21, 24, 25, in the first of which they were beaten by the Stars of Syracuse, but in the others they made the Crickets of Binghamton bite the dust. All three games were at Auburn.

AUBURN.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	STAR.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Burns, 3d b.	3	2	1	2	3	Hall, r. f.	2	1	1	0	0
Macullar, s. s.	0	0	0	3	0	Geer, s. s.	1	1	1	3	1
Thomas, r. f.	0	2	1	0	0	Higham, c.	1	2	3	2	3
Tobin, 1st b.	1	1	9	0	0	McKinnon, 1b.	1	1	9	0	0
Field, l. f.	0	0	2	0	1	Clinton, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Keenan, c.	0	0	9	2	1	Mansell, l. f.	0	0	7	2	0
Dunlap, 2d b.	0	0	5	2	1	Farrell, 2d b.	0	0	3	1	0
Mansell, c. f.	0	1	1	0	0	McCormick, c.	0	0	3	1	0
Critchley, p.	0	1	1	4	1	Carpenter, 3d b	1	0	1	3	0
Totals.	4	7	27	15	10	Totals.	5	7	10	27	10
Auburn	1	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0—4
Star	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	1—5

Runs earned—Star, 1; Auburn, 2. Two-base hits—Hall, 1; McKinnon, 1; McCormick, 1; Burns, 1. Three-base hit—Tobin, 1. Strikes called—off McCormick, 36; Critchley, 44. Balls called—on McCormick, 17; Critchley, 9. First base on errors—Star, 6; Auburn, 3. First base on called balls—Star, 0; Auburn, 1. Left on bases—Star, 7; Auburn, 4. Struck out—Star, 4; Auburn, 1. Umpire, Mr. Phillips of Binghamton. Time, 2h. 10m.

CRICKET.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	AUBURN.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
McGuinness, 1b	0	0	16	0	0	Burns, 3d b.	5	2	2	1	4
Richmond, s. s.	0	1	1	4	1	Macullar, s. s.	1	2	2	6	0
Smith, 3d b.	0	1	1	3	1	Thomas, r. f.	0	1	2	0	0
Richardson, c. f.	0	0	0	0	0	Tobin, 1st b.	0	1	16	0	0
Clack, 2d b.	0	0	1	2	2	Field, l. f.	0	1	2	0	0
Kennedy, l. f.	0	1	1	0	0	Keenan, c.	0	2	7	2	0
Phelan, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0	Dunlap, 2d b.	0	1	4	3	0
Roche, c.	0	0	9	3	0	Mansell, c. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Alcott, p.	0	0	0	5	0	Critchley, p.	0	0	0	4	0
Totals.	0	2	27	17	5	Totals.	6	10	27	16	5
Auburn	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
Cricket	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Two-base hit—Keenan, 1. Struck out—Auburn, 5. Cricket, 4. Left on bases—Auburn, 3; Cricket, 2. Passed balls—Keenan, 0; Roche, 2. Umpire, E. A. Woodin. Time, 1h. 45m.

AUBURN.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	CRICKET.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Burns, 3d b.	1	2	1	1	1	McGuinness, 1b	0	1	13	0	1
Macullar, s. s.	1	1	2	2	0	Richmond, s. s.	0	1	1	4	1
Thomas, r. f.	2	2	1	0	0	Smith, 3d b.	0	1	1	3	1
Tobin, 1st b.	0	0	0	0	0	Richardson, c. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Field, l. f.	0	0	3	0	0	Clack, 2d b.	0	0	1	2	2
Keenan, c.	0	1	11	0	0	Kennedy, l. f.	0	0	1	0	1
Dunlap, 2d b.	0	1	1	3	0	Phelan, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Mansell, c. f.	0	0	2	0	0	Roche, c.	0	0	9	3	0
Critchley, p.	1	1	0	9	0	Alcott, p.	0	0	0	7	0
Totals.	7	10	27	13	2	Totals.	0	4	27	19	5
Auburn	1	0	1	2	1	0	0	0	2	0	0—7
Cricket	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Left on bases—Auburn, 3; Cricket, 5. Struck out—Auburn, 5; Cricket, 6. Umpire, E. A. Woodin. Time, 2h.

On the 28th the Auburns met the Crickets again, and scooped them badly.

CRICKET.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	AUBURN.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
McG'l'n'ss, lb	4	0	1	12	0	0	Burns, 3d b.	5	2	2	1	4	3
Richm'd, s. s.	4	0	0	3	3	1	Macullar, s. s.	5	1	0	2	6	0

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canada, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, July 2

LADIES' LIST.

Atkinson, Maude	(Georgia, Mrs. Frank	Markley, Edna
Allen, Georgie	Herbert, Emilie	May, Fannie
Blande, Edith	Harland, Rose	Nagle, Malinda
Blitz, Mrs. Rosa	Haslam, Hulda	Norton, Alice (of Soldene's Co.)
Beverly, Maude	Healey, Grace	Pastor, Mrs. Belle
Brennan, Emma	Hart, Annie	Pierce, Lillie
Bertha, Mlle.	Hall, Mrs. F. T. (2)	Quinn, Annie Maria
Claire, Minnie	Hallett, Alta	Rainford, Alice
Croizat, Mina	Howard, Lillie	Robeson, Erba (2)
Cameron, Isadore	Herd, Celia	Richmond Sisters
Campbell, Annie	Irwin Sisters	Ryan, Mrs. Belvil
Carle, Leslie	Intau, Emma	Shanley, Josie
Caselli, Fannie (2)	Lee, Rosa	St. Felix, Mad.
Clifton, Viola	Love, Ella	Shepard, Lillie
Chaproniere, Miss	"Little Lottie"	Smith, Kittie
De Ferry, Esther	Lola & The Denzer Sisters	Sheldon, Ella
Duncan, Estelle	La Brun, Marie (2)	Turnour, Eliza
Durell, Miss B.	La Verde, Mrs.	Templeton, "Fay"
Daly, Blanche	La Rue Family	Vickers, Mattie
Ellis, Hattie (2)	Lee, Rosa (vocalist)	Venus & Adonis
Exod, Hazel	Le Clair, Mrs. "Shed"	Vandyke, Imogene
Foster, Minnie	McGowan, Alice	Wood, Addie
Ferrara, Maria	Miller, Mrs. A. (2)	Warren Sisters
Florance, Mrs. G. A. (2)	May, Fannie	Whitney Sisters
Freeman Sisters	Mortimer, Annie	Wren, Martha
Fox, Annie	Mahretta, Mlle.	Wade, Jennie
Fisk, May		Zittella, Mlle.
Geraldine, Mad. (2)		Zoula, Mlle

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Austin, Mike	Fish, J. Spencer	Norris, Edward
Allen, "Billy"	Fieldings, The	Neibuhr, F. E.
Alphonse & Bros.	Freund, R.	Niles & Evans
Aimer, H. P.	Fox, Wm.	Omohondro, J. B.
Andre, E. A.	Foote, Jr., Wm.	Osborne, Harry
Alexander, W. B.	Fish, Chas. (with Barnum)	O'Shea, Mlle.
Aiken, F. E.	Griffin, Master Charlie	O'Brien, Jno. (circus prop.)
Arnold, Prof. (sketch-writer)	Golden, Richd.	Pastor, "Tony"
"A. G. E."	Gracon, Harry	Pearle, C. C.
Atkins, C. M.	Gourley, John	Parker, Prof
Austin, Chas. (comed.)	Harrington, J. C.	Timmons, Geo.
Berdew & Holloway	Holman, "Mac"	Page, "Fred"
Barker, Jas.	Hurley, Jos.	Parmelee, H. E.
Bailey, Harry	Holdiel, Frank	Palmer, Robt. B.
Burk, T. K.	Houghton, Harry	Parker, "Jerry"
Blake, A. B.	Hughes, Prof D. B.	Redmond & De Vere
Bessinger, John	Height, "Bob" (3)	Robinson, H. (of Robin. Min.) (2)
Blaisdell, W. B	Hayle, "Billy"	Robinson, "Yankee"
Blossom, "Nat"	Harris, W.	Rhodes, Danl.
Bruffey, D. C.	Hall, Frank A.	Ringler, "Addy"
Bush, I. T.	Hughes, The (specialty "biz")	Rosenbaum, E.
Byron, O. Doud	Hennessey Bros.	Rothwell, T. J.
Burgess, "Jerry"	Homer & Holly	Richards, Louis
Berkley, T. W.	Houghton, Frank	Radcliff, J. B.
Barr, Geo. (musician)	Herrmann, Prof.	Ryan, Ben (2)
Bliss, C.	Haden, W. R.	Robinson, C. M.
Boyd, Chas.	Hart, Ed.	Reeves, W. E.
Bassett, Jean	Hogan, W. H.	Raymond & Murphy
Barnum's Circus, Agent	Hall, T. A.	Robison, W. B.
Burroughs, John	Hyde, J. M.	Rickaby, John
Barr, Jack	Healey, J. E.	Rochford, James
Brown, Col. T. A.	Herrick, G. W.	Showles, J. (agent)
Bassett, C. M.	Hankinson, Frank	Stetson, E. T.
Berger Family	Harris, M. W.	Stirling, Peter
Baker, T. Brougham	Haley, P. (of Haley & Weaver)	Suydam Bros.
Baldwin, Ed. (gymnast)	Hussney, Jacco.	Simpson, R. P.
Barlow, M. G.	Harris, C. Wright	Sadler, "Tony"
Beard, J. W.	Heath, Thos. R.	Slate, Harry
Baylie, "Sam"	Howard, "Billy"	Stuttz, J. G.
Barnum, Geo. W. (2)	Hudson, Geo. B.	Stuart, Alex.
Bindley, Prof.	Hutimeister, F. W.	Sullivan, J. S.
Bryant, Jas. (ventriloquist)	Harris, Chas. ("comique")	Sheiby, "Dan" (2)
Butcher, H. C.	Harris, F. D.	Sprague, D. J. (2)
Bethune, Jno. G.	Huebner, F. C.	Stevens, R. E.
Bishop, Geo. A.	Hammond, John	Sherman, W. H. (3)
Brickett, Chas. H.	Irwin, Selden	Sweeney, John
Boyd & Wade	Irvis, J. H.	Sarsfield, Stephen
Bola, Matt.	Johnson, Geo.	Sloan, E.
Bratt, Geo.	"Japanese Tommy"	Slocum, E. N.
Barbour, W. W.	"J. B." (2)	Sarony, Gilbert
Barrett, Lawrence	Jordan, Jas. (circus "biz")	Seavy, L. J.
Bogle, Jos. W.	Junod, C. F.	Scott & Ward
Clispee, Albert	Jay, Fred	Stanley, Ernest
Crawford, W. H.	Johnson, Wm.	Snow, A. Wilson
Callender, H. W. R.	Kersanda, "Billy"	Springer, Andy"
Crimmins, "Steve"	Kine, "Jimmy"	Smith, Robt.
Cody, Henry W. F.	Kendall, G.	Surridge, J. H.
Carlysle & Caverly	"King Sarbro" (2)	Shier, Denis
Cowan, Wm. H. A.	Kirally Bros.	Skillings, G. A. (2)
Cummings, J. H.	Keyes, David A.	Snow Bros. (2)
Collins, Wm.	Kelly & Ryan	Smith, "Will"
Cushman, Frank	Kelly, John D.	scanlan & Cronin
Clapham, Harry (2)	Kelly & Leon	Sprague & Blodgett
Coup, W. C.	Kenyon, Jas.	Sierman, Chas. F.
Castle, Fred.	Kearney & Moran	Shaw & Maker, "Jack"
Childers, Sergt.	Kendall, H. A.	Seymour, Th. L.
Carle, F. C.	Kennedy, H. (ventriloquist)	Seymour, "Ted"
Crane, W. H.	"Little Frankie"	Sadler, T. H.
Carroll, "Billy"	Lytell, Wm. H.	Smith, John (song and dance)
Cook, L. E. &c.	Leon, Frank (2)	Shoales, "Ben"
Curry & Kendall	Lucy, Chapin (leader)	Sullivan, J. J.
Conway & Kerrigan	Landie, W.	Simmonds & Slocum
Chapman, Thos.	Le Clair, "Shed"	Tracy, "Dan"
Cutler, R. J.	"Little Todd"	Thompson, W. H.
Cohen, Geo. (2)	Leopold, Ed.	"Theapian"
Crumbley & De Forest	Leslie, Jas. H.	Thatcher & Hume
Connors & Coleman	Lewis, C. P.	Thomas & Watson
Cumming & Hines	Lester, "Billy"	Turner, James
Crosby, H. C.	Lyon, H.	Turner & Gujer (2)
Clayton, W. S.	Lent, L. B.	Trainer, F. J.
Costley, Jos.	Levino Bros.	Thompson, G. W. (2)
Chalet, Prof.	Lazelle, Fred.	Thompson, "Den"
De Haven, Claude (2)	Lamb, Robt.	Turner, J. (manager)
Dupree, Chas. H. (3)	Mack, John	Ulmer, Frank
Durr, Howard	Mulligan, J. H.	Vaughan, Geo. T.
Dumont, Frank	Noak, Jacc.	Vincent, Chas. (minst. "biz")
De Vere, "Billy"	Marney, Cooper	Vincent & Miss G.
De Leon, Leon (3)	"Manager" (6)	Worrell, Mr.
Davis, J. C.	McBride, John	Walker, D. W.
Delano, "Jepp"	Martinetti, Albert	Walling, "Dave"
Dodge, "Ben"	Murphy, J. C.	Waide, N. B.
Devere, "Sam"	Merton, J. D.	Wing, C. A.
Duffey, W. J.	Meigher, "Jerry"	Wiggins, C. W. or E. W.
Denham, Geo.	Megatt, C. L.	Ward, Wm. H.
Dunn, Master "Infant Phenom.")	Morris, "Andy" & Mrs.	Whitney, "Dick"
Day, Chas. H.	Morton, W. J.	Wilson, Geo. E.
Doyle, M. (of Bryan & Doyle)	McIntosh, Thos.	Winnetta, The
Donelle, L. J.	Manning, J. L. F.	Walz, Fred.
Doris & Batcheller	McIntyre & Heath	Weiler, E. A.
Dodd, H. (2)	Morse, J. T.	Wilkinson Bros.
Edmunds, Leslie	Mullen & Magee	Williams, F. B
Edwards, Jas. S.	Morgan & Welch	Wesley, Jno. & Jessie
"Exhibitor"	Murphy & Morton	Wordell & Welch
Edwards, Jas. & Katie	Murphy & Shannon	Williams & Sully
Eakins, "Joe"	Marks, "Jace"	Worden & Mack
Eades, Frank	Murphy, Joseph	Williams, H. W.
Emerson & Clarke	Murka, Mr. (leader)	Williams, J. "Landlord"
Fitzgerald, A. D. (2)	Miller, Henry	Wilson, Jas.
Florence, Geo. A.	Morris, Thos.	Waldron, Danl.
Faustin, M.	Morrison, Lewis	Welby & Pearl
Frohman, Danl.	Morris, Frank	Waldron, Geo. B.
Fay, Hugh	Mauh, Rel.	Worthington, W. H.
Fox, J. E.	McCall, J. D.	"X. X. X."
Foxwell, H. T.	McGlone, "Pete"	
Forbes, Chas.	Nobles, Milton	

THERE ARE TWO LETTERS in the Detroit (Mich.) Post-office for Chas. Heywood, of Sweely's Minstrels.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, July 2, '77.

Here we stand on the threshold of another anniversary of our natal-day, that day which proclaimed us a nation of freemen, and this glorious confederacy of States "an asylum for the oppressed and downtrodden of every clime." When the bird of—[Perhaps we had better let the bird of liberty rest for this once.—ED.] One year ago we were doing our level best to uplift our big Centennial Show, and exhibit to a wondering world the marvelous achievements of a nation just closing its first century; one year ago we were enthusiastically and wildly shouting the battle-cry of—[But perhaps we had better permit "the dead past to bury its dead," if you can get any sense out of such a funereal passage.—ED.] "And all the nations that forget God" assembled in Fairmount Park on that ever-memorable 4th of July, one year ago, and by their presence and encouraging words and works warmed up the blue blood that coursed so freely through our patriotic veins, and sent a thrill throughout the length and breadth of the land that electrified the world with its intensity. When our forefathers—[On second thought, we will let the forefathers rest in peace, and, in the words of the lamented Mr. Gray, who became famous by composing an elegy in a cemetery, "no farther seek their errors to disclose."—ED.] As we write these words that burn with the fire of liberty and the fervor of emancipated thraldom, the shooting-cracker of the small boy, like the voice of the mud-turtle, is heard in the land, and the groans of the Underwriters fill the air of freedom with lamentations, and incite to a calling of a caucus to once more increase the rates of insurance. It was not so one hundred years ago! Ah, no! Then raged a fire that illuminated the world—a fire that water could not extinguish. It was the fire of—[It is evident that we have said enough about fire. The small boy has triumphed in the cracker-fire, and the Board of Underwriters is groveling in the dust.—ED.] One year ago our theatrical friends, who had high hopes of a most successful Summer season, began to realize the fact that even the Centennial Show did not come up smiling, with unmistakable sign of that interregnum which ever marks the triumphant exhibition, and forthwith they commenced to look around for opportunities to hedge; but alas! every hedge was occupied, and our friends "mourned because they found it not." Another year has rolled around, another year has passed from time to eternity, and to-day—[It were better to take no heed, however, for "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."—ED.] As we stand upon the verge of the second Anno Domini of the second century of our national greatness, and "view the landscape o'er," we feel thankful that we are Americans, and not foreigners, and in ayseid why our country goes out to those unfortunate people who, without any cognizance or connivance of their own, were born in other and less favored lands. When the American eagle—[Having already disposed of the bird of freedom, it would be unfair to our readers to resurrect that bird in the guise of a time-honored, bald-headed eagle. We may be frantic with the cares of business, and paralyzed with unrequited love, but we cannot stoop to any imposition like that. So, unlike that other fiery bird, the renowned Phœnix, our emblematic rooster shall not rise from its ashes.—ED.] One year ago we were content to accept any description of money that was tendered us, for we were anhungered. To-day, we have so enlarged the sphere of our usefulness, so increased the bulk of our riches, that we would fain discuss the question whether we shall accept gold or silver for our bonds and for our services. Then, the old fractional currency answered our purpose, and we were content. Now, the ten-cent silver-piece has been wrung in upon us, and the fractional-currency and its many blessings have become lost to sight, like the deceased corpse of our first love. Are the industries of the country to be prosperized by the coming to life of a mean little fi'penny-bit or the disinterment of a long-lost, dead-and-gone three-cent piece? It was not so when the helm of State was guided by that bird of —— But again! Why do we see such honors bestowed by all England upon Gen. Grant, ex-President of these United States? Why do we send our congratulations to Gen. Grant in care of Queen Victoria? "It is the cause, my soul, it is the cause!" And, before we forget it, we desire to lay before our multitude of patriotic readers the following, per postal-card:

EDITOR CLIPPER.—Should any person inquire of you who it was that made all the excitement about the Jews, tell them it was Hilton—*He brew-d* it. Ha! ha! come off.

But to resume our essay on the issues of the day and the patriotic impulses which control the energies of our common country. "While we are at peace with all the world, and seek to maintain our cherished relations with the rest of mankind," as the good old Zachary Taylor once so aptly remarked, it is a source of deep regret to us to listen to the din of battle that reaches us from the distant shores of the beautifully blue Danube! Oh, that those frantic peoples would "beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks," and that dove-eyed Peace should again shed its benign influence alike upon the Cross and the Crescent! But should the struggle be prolonged, and gore continue to redden the soil of the Dobrudscha, this land of freedom will be called upon to send provisions and ammunition to the contending forces; and, though our souls should revolt at being a party to this unchristianlike war, yet we would not stand tamely by and see those armies starving for that food of which we have such an abundance; neither could we rest in our beds did we fail to put arms into the hands of those who were without the means of defending themselves against the assaults of an aggressive foe. And while in this solemn train of thought, suggested by the many conflicting reports from the *standing* armies at the *seat* of war, we quickly turn to that low comedian, who is standing by as we write this, and say to him as he gets in his comic work to the detriment of our own: "How can you expect us to *laugh* when you thus *gag us?*" And this sad reflection recalls to mind another sorrowful recollection, even the prospective retirement of that gentlemanly actor and scholar, kind-hearted John Brougham, everybody's friend. The genial one, who has fretted many an hour upon the mimic stage, bringing happiness to old and young, contemplates a tour of the country, when he will take leave of the many thousands who have enjoyed his humor and profited by the good lessons of his actions on and off the stage. In advance of all contemporaries, we offer a few verses in honor of his professional trip:

GOOD-BYE, JOHN.

With Brougham on his "Farewell Tour"
A thousand pleasant wishes go;
But, then, we didn't think he'd be
Disseminating "Slander" so!
We trust he'll triumph East and West,
And in the land of cane and cotton.
We'll think of him while he's away
As one who's *gone, but not forgotten!*

And when we come to study the vast expanse of territory this country occupies, we rejoice in the fullness of our possessions, and exclaim: "Let it go forth to the world that there's room enough for all who are honest and have a home and asylum for the oppressed." [Jimmy, curb your youthful enthusiasm, and put away those little crackers until the dawn of our natal day, when you and the Aldermanic Board can enjoy the prerogative of firemen in the development of our progress in making fire-works in (a) pandemonium. [Our fellowchums have just planted what looks like a Krupps gun right in our front doorway, and they are trying her prior to setting her a-going on the glorious Fourth! The cloud-capped palaces, the gorgeous temples, the [Jimmy, take that cannon away, or we'll "make complaint" and have you disobey." We begin to think that the small boy and his fireworks are more honored in the breech-loading rifle than in the observance of the day by the aid of the Paixhan. These things are getting us all mixed up, and here it is only the *second* day of July, instead of the *fourth.*] Speaking of the other fellers who have gone a-fishing, it behooves us to say that *the Lone Fisherman* is not the same *Fisher man* that Daly had all the season. Besides, that one isn't lone since he got married. Lo! where the gentle lark warbles her dulcet notes in the woodlands wild, there will also flutter the flag of the free, and the stars-and-stripes will shine in their orbs-gelines, with a home over yonder at the Fifth-avenue temple of the muses, where a host of pretty faces and fine forms faces the forms of the host that seek entertainment here. A troupe which has the nerve to fight it out on *this* line all Summer is deserving of success, and finality in verse:

EVE-ANGEL-INITIES.

Weathersby is pretty, Webster's something "sweet,"
Two electric batteries charged from head to feet.
All the men are clever, all the girls are fair,
Though they're not Celestials, yet they *"live on Rice."*
Much the play reminds us of an ocean swell,
Since Barney Barry a *Fisher* and a Tar as well;
Knight and Goodwin tickle, primed and double-barreled,
While a kind of milder *Sun*, shines the sprightly *Harold.*
Then we see the *Hunter*, grim, grotesque and still,
Never even scaring the timid Bill.

"In the days of Seventy-six, me boys," there was none of this—our ancestors must have famished for amusement such as we have one hundred years later. Could the old-timers and the soul-tryers have had such a galaxy of beauty and novelliness presented to *their* notice as we have to ours, they would have died hereafter. Yet amid our visions of beauty and our dreams of natural greatness come the "Fire Fiend" and the "Storm King," laying waste built-up cities, and destroying the growing cereals and other of the earth's products, leaving the land in darkness as well as its bright-side—sunshine and tears run in parallel lines, and the exultant jubilant of to-day may be a despondent mourner on the morrow. When we try to reach the battlements of Zion—[Jimmy, why is it that you invariably interfere with us just as we are scaling the walls in a rhapsody which comes but seldom? "You were a-talkin' a while ago about the Board of Aldermen." Yes. "Well, do they charge any more for the Board of Aldermen than they do for *common* people?" You are always thinking about victuals. Our remarks had no reference to our worthy aldermen, but to the assemblage of our city fathers to transact business. "Oh!" Where were we when you interrupted us? "You were a-*tryin'* to reach the battlements of Zion." Well, we've lost our hold now, and will have to give it up.] Some go to Europe to spend the Summer, some to the seaside and the mountain-top, and others go to catch fish:

Judge Slote and Lord Dundreary,
Of footlight capers weary,
Are dragging trout to view
They charm the fish to dizziness
With different *"lines* of business;"
And, like the Dutch of history,
They've taken Holland, too!

When we come to publish a great country this is, what a great people we are, and how we have grown with gigantic strides in a hundred years, we wonder how *other* people can be content to live outside of this vast nation. Sometimes we think so deeply about them and their deprivations that we feel like jumping off the Brooklyn Bridge. Come to think of it, guess we'll take board at the Grand Opera-house, where the temperature is said to be 65 degrees! The performance is of a *high* degree, however. We think there ought to be a law against firing off cannon in a man's house, which law is supposed to protect us; and our fellowchums have just planted what looks like a Krupps gun right in our front doorway, and they are trying her prior to setting her a-going on the glorious Fourth! The cloud-capped palaces, the gorgeous temples, the [Jimmy, take that cannon away, or we'll "make complaint" and have you disobey." We begin to think that the small boy and his fireworks are more honored in the breech-loading rifle than in the observance of the day by the aid of the Paixhan. These things are getting us all mixed up, and here it is only the *second* day of July, instead of the *fourth.*] Speaking of the other fellers who have gone a-fishing, it behooves us to say that *the Lone Fisherman* is not the same *Fisher man* that Daly had all the season. Besides, that one isn't lone since he got married. Lo! where the gentle lark warbles her dulcet notes in the woodlands wild, there will also flutter the flag of the free, and the stars-and-stripes will shine in their orbs-gelines, with a home over yonder at the Fifth-avenue temple of the muses, where a host of pretty faces and fine forms faces the forms of the host that seek entertainment here. A troupe which has the nerve to fight it out on *this* line all Summer is deserving of success, and finality in verse:

EVE-ANGEL-INITIES.

Weathersby is pretty, Webster's something "sweet,"
Two electric batteries charged from head to feet.
All the men are clever, all the girls are fair,
Though they're not Celestials, yet they *"live on Rice."*
Much the play reminds us of an ocean swell,
Since Barney Barry a *Fisher* and a Tar as well;
Knight and Goodwin tickle, primed and double-barreled,
While a kind of milder *Sun*, shines the sprightly *Harold.*
Then we see the *Hunter*, grim, grotesque and still,
Never even scaring the timid Bill.

"In the days of Seventy-six, me boys," there was none of this—our ancestors must have famished for amusement such as we have one hundred years later. Could the old-timers and the soul-tryers have had such a galaxy of beauty and novelliness presented to *their* notice as we have to ours, they would have died hereafter. Yet amid our visions of beauty and our dreams of natural greatness come the "Fire Fiend" and the "Storm King," laying waste built-up cities, and destroying the growing cereals and other of the earth's products, leaving the land in darkness as well as its bright-side—sunshine and tears run in parallel lines, and the exultant jubilant of to-day may be a despondent mourner on the morrow. When we try to reach the battlements of Zion—[Jimmy, why is it that you invariably interfere with us just as we are scaling the walls in a rhapsody which comes but seldom? "You were a-talkin' a while ago about the Board of Aldermen." Yes. "Well, do they charge any more for the Board of Aldermen than they do for *common* people?" You are always thinking about victuals. Our remarks had no reference to our worthy aldermen, but to the assemblage of our city fathers to transact business. "Oh!" Where were we when you interrupted us? "You were a-*tryin'* to reach the battlements of Zion." Well, we've lost our hold now, and will have to give it up.] Some go to Europe to spend the Summer, some to the seaside and the mountain-top, and others go to catch fish:

Judge Slote and Lord Dundreary,
Of footlight capers weary,
Are dragging trout to view
They charm the fish to dizziness
With different *"lines* of business;"
And, like the Dutch of history,
They've taken Holland, too!

When we come to study the vast expanse of territory this country occupies, we rejoice in the fullness of our possessions, and exclaim: "Let it go forth to the world that there's room enough for all who are honest and have a home and asylum for the oppressed." [Jimmy, curb your youthful enthusiasm, and put away those little crackers until the dawn of our natal day, when you and the Aldermanic Board can enjoy the prerogative of firemen in the development of our progress in making fire-works in (a) pandemonium. [Our fellowchums have just planted what looks like a Krupps gun right in our front doorway, and they are trying her prior to setting her a-going on the glorious Fourth! The cloud-capped palaces, the gorgeous temples, the [Jimmy, take that cannon away, or we'll "make complaint" and have you disobey." We begin to think that the small boy and his fireworks are more honored in the breech-loading rifle than in the observance of the day by the aid of the Paixhan. These things are getting us all mixed up, and here it is only the *second* day of July, instead of the *fourth.*] Speaking of the other fellers who have gone a-fishing, it behooves us to say that *the Lone Fisherman* is not the same *Fisher man* that Daly had all the season. Besides, that one isn't lone since he got married. Lo! where the gentle lark warbles her dulcet notes in the woodlands wild, there will also flutter the flag of the free, and the stars-and-stripes will shine in their orbs-gelines, with a home over yonder at the Fifth-avenue temple of the muses, where a host of pretty faces and fine forms faces the forms of the host that seek entertainment here. A troupe which has the nerve to fight it out on *this* line all Summer is deserving of success, and finality in verse:

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Then we see the *Hunter*, grim, grotesque and still,
Never even scaring the timid Bill.

CITY SUMMARY.

BUSINESS IMPROVED at Niblo's Garden the past week. "The Cross and Crescent" was repeated, and acted for the last time June 30.

THE FUNERAL of Mrs. Herbert, professionally known as Agnes Michell, took place Monday, June 25. Her husband, who is comanager of Wade & Herbert's display, arrived in Canada, did not arrive in this city until Wednesday, owing to a telegram failing to reach him. Very few professionals were present, as no notice of the time and place of the funeral had been published. Her remains were placed in a receiving vault in Greenwood Cemetery.

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE "The Forbidden Pleasures" Combination continued the attraction to a quite large attendance. In the comedy Geo. Jordan replaced Harry Vaughn; J. L. Mason, George Atkins; Miss Louise Clifford, Miss Adah Richmond; and Miss Jennie Christie, Miss Hattie Gray. The statue groups were again in a fresh series of tableaux, which gave much satisfaction.

THE ATTRACTIONS musically at Gilmore's Garden during the past week have included Signorina Galimberti in her taking vocal renditions in English, Spanish and Italian; Mrs. Annie Mixsell, whose excellent soprano voice was both artistic and effective in her singing of operatic and popular selections; Wm. Hamilton in baritone and C. H. Turner in tenor songs, and M. Arbuckle's cornet-solos. The band, under P. S. Gilmore's direction, has done full justice to the varied compositions interpreted during the week, and the average attendance has been good. A benefit concert for the St. John sufferers takes place to-night, July 2.

"THE CRABBED AGE," which was first produced in this city at the Grand Opera-house Dec. 4, 1876, was revived at Wallack's Theatre June 25, when it was acted with the following cast: Rene Latrobe, J. B. Atwater; Antoine Curat, W. R. Floyd; Ben. Dumoulin, Theodore Hamilton; Capt. Albert Descard, Cyril Searle; Pierre Tourmee, Thomas Whiffen; Henri Leveret, Lewis Baker; Capt. Willemain, W. J. Leonard; Mons. Vardot, C. E. Edwin; Francois, J. Peck; Heleine Volmier, Miss Lettie Allen; Mme. Dumoulin, Miss May Roberts; Juliette, Miss May Gallagher; Mlle. Valerie, Miss Ethel Thornton; Mlle. Laurie, Miss Addie Worth; Mlle. Imogene, Miss I. Gerant. The play, which was reviewed in detail on the occasion of its first production, has been somewhat improved by the condensation of the dialogue and other slight alterations. It was well acted, and attracted a fairly numerous attendance. No matinee was given on Saturday, owing to the stage being required for the rehearsal of "Woodleigh," which is to be produced July 2.

J. H. ROWE and Miss Georgie Dickson inform us that they have canceled their engagement at the Lyceum Theatre for the coming season.

THE SCHOOL of St. Ann's R. C. Church, East Twelfth street, gave an afternoon's variety entertainment, consisting of singing, dancing, calisthenics, and dramatic scenes, with the Rev. Thos. Preston as manager and the Rev. Father Lynch as prompter, at the German Theatre, June 29.

E. F. THORNE, W. H. Fitzgerald, T. F. Brennan and Mrs. Frank Murdock are to be added to the company at Niblo's Garden this week, and "The Three Guardsmen" will be produced with a powerful cast.

FOURTH-OF-JULY MATINEES are to be given at Niblo's Garden, Tony Pastor's Theatre, and the Fifth-avenue Theatre.

AT THE LONDON, this week, the reinforcements will include Martha Wren and James Collins, Ella Mayo, Maud Stanley Werner, Ned Werner, Reynolds and Walling, Edward Kirnan, and Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell.

MISS LILY VINING DAVENPORT leaves to-day for San Francisco, Cal., where she is to play the leading business under John McCullough's management.

MISS FANNY DAVENPORT sails for England July 7, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Fuller. Mr. F. was for some time manager of the theatre in Louisville, but of late years has been devoting his attention to oil-painting, he bearing a high reputation as an artist. Miss Davenport goes on a tour of pleasure, and will pass a couple of weeks in London, one week in Paris, and then visit Scotland, returning here in August next, in season to commence her starring tour.

MCKEE RANKIN is to be the first star of the coming season, beginning Aug. 27, at the Broadway Theatre, under the management of J. C. Duff, acting in a new play, from the pen of Joaquin Miller, depicting Mormon life.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE RIGNOLD, Mrs. G. F. Rowe (Kate Girard), and MAX STRAKOSCH sailed for Europe in the steamship Germanic June 30.

GEORGE K. FORTESQUE and J. H. Jones (of the Oates Opera Company) are to act in "Evangeline" this week at the Fifth-avenue Theatre.

C. W. COULDOCK left town for Detroit, Mich., June 30, where he will pass the Summer as the guest of Manager T. W. Davey.

"THE FORBIDDEN PLEASURES" COMBINATION remain this week at Tony Pastor's Theatre, which will be the last of the season.

MANAGERS Ben De Bar and C. A. Spalding of St. Louis, Mo., and David Bidwell of New Orleans, La., are among the recent arrivals in town.

MISS MARY ANDERSON may possibly fulfill a brief engagement, beginning in August next, at the Fifth-avenue Theatre. Negotiations are now in progress.

B. F. THORNE, G. C. Boniface, W. J. Lemoyne, Harry Lee, Mrs. Frank Murdoch, Mrs. Charles Poole, and the Misses Stella Boniface and Linda Dietz will be among the company that are to act "Baby" at the Park Theatre, commencing July 16.

W. H. CRANE is to shortly appear at the Fifth-avenue Theatre in "Evangeline," acting Le Blanc.

MRS. AGNES BOOTH has recovered a verdict of $1,000 against John McCool for four weeks' salary, due her for acting in "Antony and Cleopatra," at Niblo's Garden. Numerous other suits of a similar character are before the courts.

THE SOLDENE OPERA TROUPE will not perform here this Summer, as was expected.

THE SEASON CLOSED at the Grand Opera-house June 30, "Smike" continuing the attraction to fair business.

THE LOUISIANA DRAMATIC TROUPE appear at the Third-avenue Theatre every evening and Wednesday and Saturday matinees this week. The house can be rented or secured on sharing terms. See card.

BROWN & BARNES, dramatic agents, advertise the Lina Weber Burlesque Combination open for engagements through their agency.

AT THE FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE several changes occurred in the cast of "Evangeline" during the past week. On Wednesday Miss Sophie Worrell replaced Miss Eliza Weathersby as Gabriel, and M. C. Daly Nat C. Goodwin JR. as Le Blanc. James Nolan, who had hitherto acted Lo the Poor Indian, was replaced by D. F. Steele, and Mr. Nolan supplied Mr. Daly's place as Basil. On Friday night Miss Lizzie Webster received a benefit, when she acted Evangeline, and Miss Rose Temple supplied her place as Eulalie. On Saturday night Harry Josephs had a benefit, when, in addition to "Evangeline," "The Little Rebel" was acted with the following cast: Mr. Shepherd Poppleton, Harry Josephs; Arthur Ormeston, George Randolph; Mrs. Wingrove, Miss Eliza Newton; Laura, Miss Minnie Palmer; Kitty Vinks, Miss Lizzie Harold. The average attendance was good. Miss Sophie Worrell acted Gabriel quite successfully, and sang the music with telling effect. M. C. Daly gave a humorous portrayal of Le Blanc, and was frequently applauded.

DRAMATIC. Managers, Agents, Doorkeepers, and Others

Are respectfully requested not to extend any courtesies or information to persons claiming to be correspondents of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, unless they can exhibit a card of a LILAC COLOR, with an engraving of THE CLIPPER BUILDING on one side, and on the other the name of the city, correspondent, etc., signed by the proprietor of the paper, with the stamp of the office, and date of March 1, 1877, affixed thereto, countersigned by the Business Manager. Every authorized correspondent is supplied with a card of the above description, and upon no other is any claim to favor based. Managers will save themselves from imposition by demanding an exhibition of such card, and refusing to accept any excuse whatever for its non-production. The card is not transferable; and, if it be presented by any person other than the one whose name it bears, managers and others will confer a favor if they will retain it and mail it to this office. Applicants for the position of correspondent of this paper receiving reply are also requested to consider silence a negative. Applications need NOT be made for the position of TRAVELING CORRESPONDENT, as THE CLIPPER never employs any person in that capacity.

W. M. HOLLAND had a benefit in Kingston, Jamaica, June 18, when the following volunteers took part in the performances: The Misses Henrietta Irving and Eva Byron, Messrs. Gustavus Hall, Alonzo Hatch, Harry Guynette, J. S. Thompson, W. P. Bown, J. R. Ives, W. James Holland, Alex. Holm and several amateurs. The bill included "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady," an operatic-concert, and the first, second and fifth acts of "Richard III."

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Halifax, N. S., Wm. Nannary, the lessee and manager, notwithstanding his heavy losses by the fire in St. John, N. B., gave the gross receipts of the performance on the night of June 23 for the benefit of the company lately performing in the Academy of Music, in the last-named city, and all the members of the Halifax company volunteered their services.

MISS MARY CARY has purchased the exclusive right to the drama of "Poor Jo" ("Bleak House"), by B. E. Woolf, and is now making engagements to appear in this play during the coming season. See card.

BISMARCK AND STODDART.—John Bismarck has been employed for some time past on the country estate of J. H. Stoddart, near Woodbridge, N. J. Mr. Stoddart discharged him June 23. On Sunday night Bismarck entered the garden, and Mr. Stoddart accused him of going there to pilfer, whereupon Bismarck drew a pistol and fired one shot at Mr. S., which, however, did not hit his person. Bismarck fled, but was subsequently arrested in Jersey City, and was taken to Woodbridge and lodged in jail.

THOS. B. MACDONOUGH notifies the profession that the comedy of "Bebe," now playing in Paris, France, has become his property by purchase from the authors. He has adapted the piece to the English stage and copyrighted it under the title of "Baby," and will produce it in this city, at the Park Theatre, July 16.

TUTTLE & THOMAS' NEW HALL, Chelsea, Mich., was dedicated June 21 by a company under the management of A. Z. Chipman, acting "Caste." The company performed in Dexter 22, and again in Chelsea 23.

THE COMPANY engaged to support Miss May Fik included Mark Bates, Hudson Liston, W. H. Langdon, Will Henderson, T. G. Rothwell and Wm. Mack, the Misses Henrietta Osborn, Dora Stewart and Maud Davenport. Chas. Benton is the manager; O. J. Dolan, agent; N. Gilles, leader of orchestra. They performed in Sing Sing, N. Y., June 28, and are billed in Amsterdam July 2, Utica 4, 5.

ALFRED MCDOWELL, comedian, publishes his permanent address in another column.

THE LINGARD COMBINATION being fully completed, artists are requested to accept the notice in a card elsewhere as a polite negative. Dates in December, 1877, and January, 1878, are still open.

LOUIS MEREDITH, late of the Fay Templeton Star Alliance, is engaged for the Summer season at the Museum, Philadelphia. He recently acted Nicholas Nickleby at very short notice there.

SAMUEL COLVILLE is to sail for England in the steamship Indiana July 5. He will be accompanied by Miss Roseau, John Howson and C. H. Drew, who go over under engagement to Alexander Henderson, at his Folly Theatre, London.

FRANK JONES and a company performed "The Black Hand" in Wheeling, W. Va., June 25, Belfair, O., 25, 26, to poor business. The company left for Cincinnati 27, to open at the National Theatre.

THE ARCH-STREET THEATRE, Philadelphia, is being frescoed in oil throughout, and an eminent artist is engaged in painting a new drop-curtain. "The Danicheffs" will be the opening play next season.

THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN of Mr. Nannary's Dramatic Company, St. John, N. B., desire

GEO. RICHARDS and Frank and Eugene Suydam are at liberty to arrange for the remainder of the season to appear in their acrobatic and gymnastic acts, and Geo. Richards in a sensational bridge-act, advertised in their card in our business department.

THE GREAT HRAZILIAN CIRCUS (late United States) is reported as having disbanded, owing to bad business and unfavorable weather. Martino Lowande joins Barnum's Show at Chicago, Ill., July 9; Abelardo Lowande will probably return home to Philadelphia, and the rest of the company will remain at Chicago, Ill.

HENRY BURDEAU and Miss Jeannette, premiere-equestrienne, advertise for an engagement for the remainder of the season.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. E. JACKSON, theatrical printer, inserts his card in another column.

A LADY AERONAUT wants an engagement. She also advertises for a competent agent.

A SET OF SWISS BELLS and a stuffed whale are wanted by E. S. Rushford, who advertises.

C. H. HAWKINS, manufacturer of gymnastic apparatus, magic barrels, etc., publishes his address in our business department.

A NUMBER OF LADIES are wanted for a spectacular piece. See Virginia's card.

THE LEDGER SHORTHAND TYPING OFFICE, *Ledger* Building, Philadelphia, Pa., is announced in Manager J. H. Alexander's card as having full facilities for the production of all kinds of theatrical, variety, and minstrel printing, in the best style, and at low rates. Matt Morgan is one of the establishment.

AT THAYER'S HOTEL, Providence, R. I., professionals are given special rates. This hotel has recently been refitted and enlarged. See card.

GERHART'S NEW OPERA-HALL, Dayton, O., can be secured by applying to W. F. Gebhart, who advertises the seating capacity as 4,500 and the house as being thoroughly fitted with all the necessary scenery and accommodations for first-class representations.

PROF. QUEEN, magician, with his new combination, is now performing in the principal cities and towns of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. His company is engaged to the city of Chelsea for July 4. He publishes a card of interest to magicians and amateurs in another department.

THE PERMANENT EXHIBITION, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, was attended by the average number during the past week. The exhibitors held a meeting June 25 for a final disposition of the Sunday-opening question, and the vote was announced as follows: Ayes, 886; nays, 509; majority in favor of opening, 226. It was then resolved that a committee of five should wait upon the directors, and present the result of the canvass, together with a request that the wishes of the exhibitors be complied with.

PROF. AND CLARA BALDWIN gave expositions of spiritualism at the Grand Opera-house, Cincinnati, during the week ending June 30. Warm weather made the attendance only moderate.

A WHITE WHALE, which was exhibited at the Lookout House, Cincinnati, for a few days, died June 26.

HARRY GILBERT sends up on July 4, in Cincinnati, two balloons from the Zoological Garden and one from the Highland House.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, received its usual share of patronage during the week ending June 30. The two handsome sea-lions were recently smothered by being shut up too tightly in their house. They will be replaced at an early date.

A SHAKESPEARIAN WARDROBE is wanted by Isidore Davidson, who advertises.

THE COMIQUE, Williamsburg, N. Y., can be rented at the advertised rates. The seating capacity of the house is 1,000.

A TENT is wanted by J. B., who advertises.

A MUSEUM OF WAX-FIGURES, also a panorama, can be purchased of John B. Voscamp, whose address find in another column.

PROF. WELLS GENTHER, bird-educator, is about to open a zoological garden in Wheeling, W. Va., which will continue under his immediate supervision.

J. BRUCE, show-painter, advertises his address in our business department.

PROF. WM. F. BAKER, the youthful magician, is to appear in Wheeling, W. Va., commencing July 4.

THE LICENSE-FEE for entertainments in Fairbault, Minn., we are informed, is from $3 to $5.

THE THOMAS SUMMER-GARDEN CONCERTS, at the Exposition Building, Chicago, Ill., under the management of Messrs. Carpenter and Sheldon, were inaugurated June 18. A portion of the Exposition building has been fitted up as a concert-hall, capable of comfortably seating 5,000 people, added to which is a conservatory arranged as a refectory, a garden promenade, and an outdoor park, with fountains, refreshments, etc. On Saturday evening, June 30, Mr. Thomas and the Apollo Club united in a special concert for the benefit of the St. John's-sufferers.

THE NATIONAL BILLPOSTERS' ASSOCIATION, it is announced in our business department, are to hold their annual meeting in Pittsburg, Pa., July 18.

PROF. DE LANTIE, wizard, with gifts, closed a season of seventeen weeks in Pottsville, Pa., June 25. He has reorganized his company, and will begin his next season in Reading, Pa., Sept. 5.

CHEAP NEGRO WIGS are advertised by E. K. Leavitt, with prices, in another column.

AMATEUR.

THE ERINA DRAMATIC SOCIETY of Fond du Lac, Wis., are to produce "The Irish Doctor" at a matinee, and "The Colleen Bawn" night July 4.

THE Ellsworth Zouaves produce a play entitled "Andersonville" at the Museum, Chicago, Ill., this week.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

THERE are about ten important theatres in Tokio, Japan, the principal of which are the Shintomiza, at Shimbara, the largest and best in the city, with a seating capacity for nearly 3,000 people; the Nakamuza, at Saruwakamachi (Asakula), holding between 2,000 and 2,500; the Harukiza, at Harukimachi, Hongo; and the Nakezimaza, at Kakigaracho, the last two mentioned accommodating between 1,000 and 2,000. These theatres are conducted by companies who procure a license from the municipality, which permits them to give a specified drama for a given time, usually thirty days, though this is often extended if the weather or other circumstances be adverse.

BARRY SULLIVAN, who some time ago was quite severely injured by being struck in the eye with a sword while fighting a combat in Drury-lane Theatre, London, Eng., which caused his retirement for some weeks, has recently undergone a singular operation. He left his doctor's charge cured, as was believed; but ever since he has suffered from a curious affection of the eye. Upon consulting an oculist, he arrived at the conclusion that there was some foreign substance in the eyeball. Mr. Sullivan having consented to undergo the necessary operation for testing that theory, his eyeball was cut open, and an eyelash which had been thrust in by the point of the sword was taken out.

MUSICAL.

ARTHUR POUGIN has published in a volume all the biographical articles he has contributed to *Le Menestrel*.

HENRI CRAMER, one of the most prolific of "transcribers," is dead, at Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany.

M. RAPOUL has signed an engagement for four months in Russia and two in Vienna, next Winter and Spring.

M. AND MME. LECOCQ were thrown from their carriage a fortnight ago, but both happily escaped with a few light contusions.

M. Massenet has gone to Fontainebleau, to work on his new oratorio to Louis Gallet's poem "The Virgin." This, with "Mary Magdalene" and "Eve," will complete the feminine trilogy of the young composer.

THE production of "The Nibelungen Ring," at Munich has been postponed for some years, by the King of Bavaria, "in order that the opera may be fully rehearsed."

VARIETY HALLS.

GORMAN AND COLLIER are performing at the Middlesex and Cambridge Music Halls, and Collins and Moore opened June 18 at the Sun and Metropolitan Halls, London, Eng.—all American performers.

THE TURF.

LONG BRANCH RACES.

The Long Branch, N. J., Summer Race Meeting commenced June 30 on the Monmouth Park Course. Owing to financial difficulties, doubts have for some time existed whether the regular race meeting of this Association would be held; but the leading hotel-keepers of Long Branch, aware of the advantage they derive from its existence, came forward with offers of assistance, and, under the management of Ben G. Brewood of Lexington, Ky., an attractive programme of racing sport was announced. There was a fair attendance of visitors from New York, whose numbers would probably have been augmented but for the shortness of the notice given of the time of departure for the course. The track was fast and safe. Pool-selling flourished on the course, as in previous years.

The opening race of the day was a dash of one mile, for horses of all ages, for a purse of $200, $50 to the second horse. All the six horses entered came to the post, viz., Byrne's c. c. King Bee, 118lb.; Babcock's c. h. Egypt, 124lb.; Davis Bros.' c. c. Romney, 118lb.; Beorns' c. f. Hattie F., 113lb.; Longstaff's b. m. Yorkshire Lass, 110lb.; and Cottrill's c. c. Donough, 118lb. Romney had the call, selling in the auction-pools for $100; Yorkshire Lass, $85; Egypt, $40; Donough, $28; the field, $17. Donough was left behind when the flag fell, and never showed prominently in the race. Egypt, with a head of two lengths, cut out the running. Before going three-quarters of a mile the favorite fell back hopelessly beaten, and as the horses turned into the straight-run-home Egypt appeared to have the race in hand; but Evans, who had carefully nursed Yorkshire Lass, now brought her up, caught and challenged Egypt half-way up the stretch, and, quitting him quite easily, won the race by nearly two lengths in 1 46¼; King Bee eight lengths behind Egypt, Romney fourth, and Donough last. In the Jersey Derby—a sweepstakes for three-year-olds of $50 each, play or pay, with $1,500 added, $200 to the second and $100 to the third—six horses came to the post to contend for the $4,250, which was the value of the stake. These were P. Lorillard's b. g. Basil, 107lb; G. Lorillard's b. c. Lounger, 110lb; W. Astor's c. c. Baden Baden, 110lb; Carr & Co.'s c. c. Rifle, 110lb; R. W. Sears' c. c. Corysites, 110lb; and F. M. Hall's b. c. Dick Sassoer, 110lb. Basil was made the favorite, his stable backing him very heavily, and in the auction-pools he brought $550; Baden Baden, $400; Rifle, $150; field, $55. The distance being a mile and a half, the start was from the half-mile pole. Baden Baden was in front when the flag fell, with Lounger, Rifle, Corysites and Dick Sassoer following in the order given, the favorite getting off in the rear. Corysites quickly ran to the front, and led his field a rattling pace around the turn, Bazil passing Lounger and Dick Sassoer, and taking fourth place. Passing the judges' stand at the end of the first half mile, Corysites led Baden Baden half a length, the latter three lengths before Rifle, who was two lengths before Bazil. At the club-house turn Baden Baden challenged Corysites, and deprived him of the lead at the quarter-pole. On the backstretch Rifle and Bazil became second and third, both being two lengths behind Mr. Astor's colt at the starting point, the half-mile pole. Entering the home-stretch, Hayward gave Bazil's backers momentary hope by closing on Baden Baden; but the latter drew clear away when Walker called upon him, and won the race by two lengths in 2:40¾; Bazil second, ten lengths before Rifle, Corysites fourth, having broken down on both fore-legs in the race. The third race was mile heats, for a purse of $300, $50 to the second horse. Six out of the eight horses entered put in an appearance, viz., Lawrence's r. h. Rissk, 124lb.; Belmont's b. f. Dauntless, 113lb.; Astor's b. c. Frederick the Great, 101lb.; Davis Bros.' c. c. Kenny, 118lb.; Bethune's b. g. Burgoo, 121lb.; and Morton's b. c. Duke of Stroudsburg, 101lb. Frederick the Great was the favorite, bringing $250 to Burgoo $180, Dauntless $55, Kenny $55, and the field $50. In the first heat, Frederick the Great made the running at a strong pace from the fall of the flag, and won the heat by two lengths in 1:47¼; Kenny third, a head before Burgoo, and Risk distanced. Frederick the Great now sold even against the field, and, repeating his tactics, he forced the pace from end to end, and won the heat and the race by eight lengths in 1:46. Burgoo second, Dauntless third, and the Duke of Stroudsburg distanced. A dash of three-quarters of a mile, for all ages, for a purse of $200, $50 to second horse, wound up the day's sport. Seven started: Byrne's King Bee, 118lb; Mulcahy's Durango, 115lb; Withers' Cyclone, 113lb; Bazil's Battle F., 113lb; Morris' Faithless, 113lb; Longstaff's Braemer, 106lb; and Gibney's Indiana, 101lb. Cyclone had the call, selling for $90; Faithless, $75; Braemer, $45; King Bee, $20; field, $50. Cyclone's chance of winning was jeopardized by her running away half a mile in a false start. She and Faithless took the lead when the flag fell. The latter, going to the front at the half-mile pole, and never again being headed, won easily in 1:18; Hattie F. second, a head before Cyclone. Indiana's saddle-girth broke, and Spielman, who was riding, was thrown, sustaining a severe scalp-wound.

TROTTING AT FLEETWOOD PARK.

The second Spring trotting meeting at this track commenced June 26. There was but one event on the programme, the other purse arranged for the day not having filled. This was a purse for horses that had never beaten 2:39; the winner taking $500 of the purse, the second horse $280, third horse $120, and the fourth $100. There were six starters, two of which were disdained in the first heat. The contestants were Israel Denton's b. g. Dan Smith, G. Haner's b. g. Vulcan, G. Blitzwater's b. m. Rancy, W. E. Weeks' b. m. Mary Lamb, R. B. Hall's b. s. Marquis, and H. C. Woodnut's b. g. Bagwood. The first heat was very unexpectedly won by a head by Dan Smith in the unlooked-for fast time (for horses of this class) of 2:28¾; Vulcan having apparently the heat won as the horses came up the homestretch. W. Weeks then took the reins over Vulcan in place of Haner, and under his pilotage the horse won the second heat by a length in 2:30, and the third heat by three lengths in 2:34; Dan Smith second in both heats. The latter then commenced trotting in earnest, but was influential and selected, as the property of Bagwood. Among the largest buyers were the Lorillard Brothers, Pierre Lorillard giving $3,500 for a brother to Parole, by Leamington out of Maiden; $2,500 for a colt by the same sire out of Susan Beane; $1,500 and the horse James A. for a sister to Inquirer; and $500 for a bay colt out of Lady Emmal. George Lorillard gave $1,100 for a sister to Loiterer, $1,600 for a chestnut colt out of Maggie B. B., and a bay filly out of Motley for $340. Col. McDaniel gave $525 for a chestnut colt out of Lurline, and $425 for a brown filly out of Elsie. The twelve Leamington yearlings sold realized $14,090, or an average of $1,175 for the lot. For the Brother to Parole the competition was lively between Col. McDaniel, McGrath and Pierre Lorillard, the bidding starting by the Kentuckian at $1,000, and by rapid bidding running up to $3,500. After the sale Mr. Welch offered the purchaser, Mr. Lorillard, $4,500 for him, but it was refused, as was also a subsequent offer of $5,000 from the same gentleman. A colt out of Mundane was knocked down to a Philadelphia lawyer for $250; but as he was unable to put the money to pay for him he asked to be "let off," which was readily agreed to, as Mr. Welch had been repeatedly offered $700 for him.

AMERICAN RACEHORSES FOR ENGLAND.—The steamer Idaho, on June 19, carried out for England four two-year-old thoroughbreds (two colts and two fillies), the property of M. H. Sanford, and it is said that gentleman's racing stable at Newmarket. All of them are engaged in the three-year-old stakes of 1878, and it is to be hoped that the dark blue of Mr. Sanford, which appears to be as popular on the English turf as it is on the American, will be seen to the front in some of the engagements. The quartet comprises the bay colt Dancing-master, by Lexington out of La Polka, a large-sized, muscular fellow, fully 15½ hands in height; Cataract, bay colt, by imp. Glenelg out of Niagara by Lexington, who stands a little over 16 hands and possesses large bone and power, although far from being matured; bay filly Ultra, by Glenelg out of Ulrica, by Lexington, standing 15¼ hands; and Miss Ward, a big chestnut filly by Baywood out of Earring, by Ringgold, standing fully 16 hands high. This filly is remarkable for symmetry of form, and gives promise of speed. The four youngsters are consigned to Mr. Charles Littlefield, Newmarket, Mr. Sanford's American trainer. That gentleman does not accompany his horses; but will sail for England after his annual sale of yearlings, at North Elkhorn Stud Farm, Kentucky.

WINNING OWNERS AND HORSES AT JEROME PARK.—The Lorillard Brothers stand at the head of winning owners at the recent regular Spring meeting at Jerome Park; Pierre Lorillard is credited with $18,750, and George Lorillard with $8,770. Of the former amount, Basil contributed $5,000; Bombast, $4,350; Zoo Zoo, $3,100; and Revolver, $3,700. Of the latter, $2,150 was won by Tom Ochiltree; $3,400 by Idalia, and $1,100 by Ambush. Charles Reed comes third, with $5,790, won by Athlete and Trouble. E. A. Clabaugh ranks fourth, with $5,200, won by Cloverbrook, and $125 by Piccolo. The Missouri turfman W. Mulkey is fifth, with $2,205, won by Chiquita; and Mr. Belmont, who headed the winning list last Spring meeting with $11,550, is now only sixth, with $2,195. Governor Bowie is credited with $900; Carr & Co., $800; F. Smythe, $720; and Mr. Donahue with $700, the other thirteen winners with amounts from $500 to $100. Barbee heads the winning jockeys with seven victories; Barrett second, with six; Hughes (Eph.) third, with five; and Holloway, Matthews, Menny, Evans, Sparling and Sayers with two each.

AT SUFFOLK PARK, Philadelphia, June 25, a purse of $250 was trotted for by horses of the 2:40 class, and was won in three straight heats by George Laffert's b. g. Sleepy John, bringing Goldust and Bay Harry in 2:44¼, 2:44½, 2:47. A pace for mare, the same day, for a purse of $250, was won by J. W. Phillips' g. g. Comet in five heats, of which Killian's b. g. Innocent Sam won the third and fourth, J. Stetson's g. g. Sore Toes being third in every heat. Time, 2:31, 2:30, 2:29¾, 2:34½, 2:33½.

THE NORTHUMBERLAND PLATE.—The chief event of the Newcastle (Eng.) Summer meeting was run for June 27, and was won from fourteen others by F. G. Hobson's b. h. Hampton, by Lord Clifden out of Lady Langden, 5yrs., 124lb.; Lord Durham's c. c. Glendale, by Blair Athol, 4yrs., 110lb, second; W. Brown's b. g. Mars, 5yrs., 97lb, third. Betting at start: 7 to 2 against Hampton, 7 to 1 against Glendale, 12 to 1 against Mars.

A SWEEPSTAKES of $100 each, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, was trotted on the Westside Park track, New Jersey, June 25, between W. Lovell's b. g. Barney Kelly, W. Bishop's b. m. Carrie N., and P. Manee's b. g. Moscow. Moscow won the race and money in three straight heats; Kelly second place. Time, 2:33½, 2:34, 2:33

AT CHICAGO, ILL., the Dexter Park meeting commenced June 30. The first event was a running race, for all ages, for a purse of $300, one mile and a quarter. It was won by the Canadian racer Bill Bruce in 2:12½. Startle being second and Verdigris third. The second race was mile heats, for all ages, for a purse of $300. It was won by Tramp, with Kilburn second and Clackbord third; no time given. The third race was a trot for a purse of $500, for horses of the 2:40 class, and was won by S. Crook's g. m. Maggie S. in four heats, beating Lady Mack (who won the first heat and second money), and Volney. Time, 2:32½, 2:32¼, 2:34¼, 2:35.

A RUNNING MATCH of half-mile heats, for $30 a side, best two in three, between Toles' r. m. Irish Girl and Schunck's b. m. May, on the New Hunting Park, Philadelphia, was won by the former in two straight heats. Time, 1:03½, 0:58½.

KENTUCKY YEARLING SALES.

Last week the annual sales of thoroughbreds in the blue-grass regions of Kentucky were held, and, as in previous years, attracted buyers from every part of the United States. The attendances of purchasers from New York was confined to two or three gentlemen, and the influence of the passage of the bill prohibiting pool-selling was conspicuously evident, numerous lots being withdrawn from sale owing to the absence of Eastern turfmen, who have hitherto been the most liberal and extensive purchasers. The first sale held was that of Keene Richards of Blue Grass Park, Georgetown, which took place June 26, in the town of Lexington. Five yearling colts and ten fillies, all by his stallion War Dance (a son of Lexington and the racemare Reel by Glencoe), were offered, besides three two-year-olds, and five three and four year olds. The highest average prices realized on this occasion were $222 for the colts and $109 for the fillies, which are less than the averages for three years past. On the same day John M. Clay, a son of the "Great Commoner," sold three yearling fillies, one by Tom Bowling and the others by War Dance, the former, out of Saccadilla, bringing $770, and the two latter $570 together. The third sale, on the same day, was that of Warren Viles, the animals being consistently sacrificed. The broodmare Mary Churchill and Undine (the former the dam of Hamburg, Wade Hampton and others, and the latter of Uncle Vic, Australia and Governor Bowie) sold for $30 each. Capitola, the dam of King Alfonso, brought a better price ($500), and the yearling colt Live Oak, by Longfellow, dam Florence Wallace, brought $200. Three two-year-olds, Sue Shelburne, one by Wanderer and three by Victory, brought an average of $103 each, both stallions being untried as sires.

The annual sale of A. J. Alexander & Woodburn Stud Farm, on June 27, was one of the poorest ever recorded at this breeding establishment, both in numbers and price. Only 28 lots, of which 16 were colts and 12 fillies, were on the catalogue, against 60 head in last year. Four of the colts were the last of Lexington's stock, and it was owing to the price they realized that the sale ended in a larger degree of shortness than that which was placed at $11,360, or an average of $740 each. The mortality at Woodburn during the last season has been great, eighteen yearlings dying from a fatal type of inflammation, as the veterinary surgeons styled it. The highest prices realized were $2,400 for a brother to Wanderer, secured by P. Lorillard, and $1,000 for a brother to Kaiser, purchased by the same gentleman. J. R. Martin of California gave $700 for a brother to Barney Williams, and D. Saigert $1,000 for a brother to Fellowcraft—all the above being by Alexandrite out of Idlewild's dam. Also secured for $1,000 by G. L. Lorillard, and his brother Pierre gave the same price for a sister to Zoogoo. This year's average falls in the neighborhood of $1,000 behind that of 1875, when 23 colts averaged $1,956 each, and 13 fillies $794. Mr. Sanford's sale, which took place at North Elkhorn Farm, Lexington, was the most important of the week, and by far the largest attended. It was also distinguished for being the first which had principal breaks were—Roberts 41, 37, 70, 24, 31, 28, 36, 52, 35, 71, 32, 26, 118, 31. Cook: 59, 22, 24, 36, 29, 33, 45, 25. Commencing at 8 10 P. M. with the usual minute delay to make breathing worth no-thing, Roberts 17 being soon responded to by Roberts with 40—a lucky addition, as in the first stroke of this break he completely smothered Cook's ball, and, no notice being taken of the foul, the umpire left Cook dearly. From the first both men showed splendid play, but, assisted by a useful fluke or two, in the first 200 Roberts graduated to draw away from Cook, and at 204 led by 76 points. Cook, who throughout the evening had all the worst of the luck, played very steadily, and, answering Roberts' 37 with 36, 31, 30, 29, 36, and 30, contrived to get up to "215 all," and, adding 11, 9 and 36, was 50 ahead when the game was called.—Cook, 286; Roberts, 248. Cook had in the hundred and fifty-second break of 36 and 17, to Cook's 19 and 29, got the lead, and, increasing it by two splendid breaks of 35 and 71, had a balance of 100 to his interval occurred. On resuming play, Cook, for whom the balls broke very perversely, lost more ground, as Roberts scored 32, 26 and 20 to his 15, 14 and 22, and ended by making 65 to 635. Here is a specimen of play of science, Roberts put on 118, and rendered the result of the game almost a certainty. From this point play was very low, Cook, however, at 686 to 393 waking up, and lookl g like making a big break; but when he had compiled 45 the red ball caught in the angle of the baulk right-hand pocket, and spoilt the arrangement. Roberts, who was already on the scent, left Cook only a single to replace, and credited himself with 20 and 31; and, at 999 to 777—Cook having just scored up 25—he potted the white, and won by 223 points in 2h. 20m. from the start, allowing for the interval. The winner was much applauded, and deservedly. His winning breaks were marvelous, and the elegant, dashing style in which he made the most difficult strokes was truly wonderful. Cook's good judgment and delicacy of manipulation never showed to greater advantage. With bad luck and a great player in extraordinarily good form against him, he held steadfastly on his way, and manifestly did his best under very adverse circumstances. A good deal of money changed hands. Many thousands of persons were laid at 15 to 8 on Roberts at Manchester, and in the room a shade over that price always found takers.

VIGNAUX RUNS FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FOUR.

M. Piot, employed at the Casino of Biarritz, Paris, recently invited Maurice Vignaux to engage with him in an exhibition of billiards at the Salle Pascati, Rue Vivienne. The arrangement was that they should play 1,200 points up on two nights, suspending operations on the first night as soon as either man had reached 600. The first half of the game was begun at 8 o'clock on the night of June 6, and Vignaux scored his 600 to Piot's 240. In the third inning on the next night Vignaux made a run of 454, which enabled him to score his remaining 600 while his antagonist was making 93. The latter's total was therefore 333. It is said of the run of 454 that "the balls were never once spotted." This may mean either that the players used one of the 4½x9 or even smaller tables so common in France, and on which close nursing is not necessary; or that, as is the custom in that country, Piot took Vignaux's word for it that the balls were not touch when they were close together. The affair is spoken of as a "grand match," but when billiard professors in France come together it is never called anything else. It was also a "grand match" between Ubassy and Burgez, but there was not a franc at stake, or even a prize. There is nothing in the reports of this 1,200-point game to indicate that it was other than an exhibition, and hence it is fair to presume that Vignaux's run of 454 (like Garnier's reputed run of 2,000 odd—in France) is not a record. Vignaux's average in the 1,200 was a fraction over 36.

DEATH OF WILLIAM DUPTON.—This well-known player and teacher of billiards, and likewise author of a treatise on the game, died in London, Eng., on May 29. One of our London exchanges says: "He was at the champion-ship match on Monday evening, and appeared quite well; but we hear he became possessed of some cyanide of potassium on the following day, and with it destroyed his own life. When the elder Roberts was in the zenith of his fame Dufton was usually selected as his partner in their exhibition games, and as his time he played a great many games for £25 a-side. Some years ago Dufton was billiard tutor to the Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, besides which he has taught many of the nobility the "scientific game." He was born at Southampton on March 13, 1830, and has died at the comparatively early age of 47. We are sorry to say that he has left a wife and several children, who were wholly dependent upon him for support, and we trust something will be done shortly to alleviate their great affliction."

ADAMS AND BURLEIGH.—The severe illness of William Burleigh, who has been forced to return to his home in Grand Rapids, Mich., has broken up this team. Adams was to have exhibited single-handed in Fond du Lac, Wis., June 26, and thence was to jump to Baltimore, expecting to be in this city July 4.

WE have a letter addressed to "Yank" Adams.

PEDESTRIANISM.

THE PROFESSIONAL MEETING at the N. Y. A. C. grounds, Mott Haven, N. Y., on July 4, will, from present indications, prove highly interesting, as some of the best runners and walkers in the States and Canada have entered. There are eight names on the list for the 100 yards run, five for the mile, fourteen for the quarter-mile handicap, four for the three-mile walk—Edward Mullen, Ed. Wigzell, L. C. Dole and John Goulding—also for the three-mile run, and twenty-one for the two-mile walk, the latter being open to letter carriers only.

DANIEL O'LEARY is now engaged in an attempt to walk 550 miles in six consecutive days at the Rink, the city. He commenced shortly past midnight on the night of the 1st inst., very few persons being present. Peter L. Van Ness walks with him, the agreement being that if he walks 200 miles in seventy-two hours he shall receive $100, the big money, truly, or $500 if he succeeds in walking 465 miles during the week. The N. Y. Athletic Club declined to have anything to do with the walk.

THE MILLER-BAUER WRESTLING MATCH.

Several thousand persons assembled in the American Institute Building, this city, on Saturday evening, June 30, to witness the wrestling match for $200 a side and gate-money between William Miller and Thebaud Bauer. Before the work done during the progress of the match was satisfactory, the manner of its ending was just the reverse, and was calculated to create the impression that such a result was in view when the date was fixed for the contest. A space in the centre of the building, on the concrete flooring, was covered with a large number of sawdust sacks, over which was placed a light wooden framework, and upon this was laid a thick carpet. A few minutes before nine o'clock the men were "embraced" each other, and, after a short but pretty lively work—most of which was done by the lighter man, Bauer (weight 175lb), his opponent sticking closely to the defensive—no fall having been obtained, a half for fifteen minutes was called in accordance with a sensible clause added to the articles at the time of staking the money in the hands of the public "boniface." Refreshed by the much-needed rest thus gained, the men got to work with renewed vim at 10 10 o'clock, and thirteen minutes later Miller managed to get a fall from which his opponent could not free himself, and Bauer was thrown fairly, the bridge he attempted to make with head and heels falling to work. After the cheering had ceased and the referee had given his decision in favor of Miller, the two retired to their dressing-rooms to recuperate, and the majority of the spectators adjourned to the Tenton-ic Hall, the principal feature of the Institute for this purpose, the object, however, being attained in a different way. Feeling quite fresh after this second resting spell, several gentlemen present volunteered as contestants, upon coming out again at 10.47, resumed operations in a business-like way, and Bauer, after several bold but unsuccessful efforts, caught his opponent about the body, and, raising him from the ground, threw him quick as a flash backward to the left; and as Miller struck the carpet he was upon him in an instant, pinning his shoulders to the floor, and winning the fall in just seven minutes from taking hold. After another rest of a quarter of an hour, they were again called upon to the floor, and after a number of those long, wearisome bouts of hand-fighting, pushing and hauling, varied at long intervals by brief struggles for a fall, which have so often tired out the patrons of these exhibitions. Both men were pretty well fatigued; the strength of arm and firmness of grasp at first shown had in a great measure diminished, while the perspiration in which their bodies were bathed rendered it next to impossible to secure a hold, or to retain one when obtained long enough to do any execution. A full hour was spent in this manner, when time was called, and the fagged athletes retired to their dressing rooms, which considerably blown and not perfectly steady on his legs. Captain Mount now appeared upon the scene, and announced, much to the astonishment of the crowd of people who remained in the building, and who had supposed the "show" was over, that enough to proved another all-night job, that, as it was now the Sabbath morning, he must at once put a stop to the proceedings, which he did forthwith. The referee thereupon declared the match a draw, and with hisses for the myrmidons of the law, who had thus stepped in and spoiled their fun, the spectators slowly departed from the barn-like building. The disgust was universal, and the impression general that such an issue had been premeditated by those concerned—a belief which may not be without its fruit hereafter—while some were inclined to think that the interference was due to the desire on the part of the Department to save from possible defeat the man in whose success they naturally felt great interest, Miller being the instructor of the Police Athletic Club. The action taken by Captain Mount, however, was simply what he was found obliged to do in faithfully discharging his duty; and if either of the principals suffered more than the other in consequence of it, the blame cannot be attached to him. It is safe to say, however, that, after this experience, another Saturday-night's wrestling match will not attract a corporal's guard. Referee, Capt. Palmer. Us ers for Miller, W. J. Austin; for Bauer, Emil Regnier. Timekeeper, J. M. Ladin.

THE RING.

DEATH OF A BOXER.—A dispatch from Eureka, Nevada, to *The San Francisco* (Cal.) *Call*, dated June 19, says: "Last evening, about 11 o'clock, James Trevillian entered Louis Brandt's saloon, and sat down at one of the tables for a few minutes. It was noticed that he was shaking, as if with an ague-fit; but no particular attention was paid to him, as he had been drinking very hard ever since his arrival in Eureka. He shortly arose from his chair, and staggered to the rear of the saloon, where he fell to the floor. Dr. Crow was immediately sent for, who, upon examination, pronounced life extinct. Deceased was born in 1845, and was a native of Cambourne, Cornwall, Eng. He came to the United States nine years ago, lived two years in New York City, leaving that place for Colorado, where he resided for some time, coming from Denver to Virginia City six years ago." This is the same man who fought Patsy Hogan several years ago, and who, on March 21, 1876, defeated John Sullivan, in seven rounds, for $500, near Virginia City.

TOM ALLEN arrived in his native city, Birmingham, Eng., sometime ago, and on June 11 he was the recipient of a benefit in Curzon Hall, over seven thousand persons being present. He wound up with Ike Baker.

EPH. HOLLAND of Cincinnati, O., who sometime ago pleaded guilty to procuring illegal votes at the last October election, was, on June 29, sentenced to thirteen months' imprisonment in the penitentiary.

JOE GOSS ON TRIAL.—We clip the following from *The Cincinnati Enquirer*: "Joe Goss is to be tried in the Criminal Court at Covington, June 30, for the Kenton County section of the late mill. His term of imprisonment at Burlington does not expire until July 16, but Joe knows his fate, and does not propose to be caught and die in jail thirty-five days unnecessarily. If not tried at the present term of the Court at Covington, he will have to wait, until the third Monday in Aug. and will thus lose the time between July 16 and August 20; quite a comfort to plead without being personally present, in order that his new sentence may take effect from the expiration of his old. If convicted, as he must needs be, the lightest judgment is $250."

JOE HOLLAND was greeted by a crowded house on the occasion of his benefit, June 26, at Knoche Varieties, Philadelphia. Mike Gillespie acted as Master of Ceremonies. Lew Chambers and Dan Hickey first set-to, and after the glove fight for a purse of twenty-five dollars between Murphy and Manning, which was won by the latter, Joe Holland and Frank Gormley gave the wind up in ring costume. Three other couples appeared, in addition to the usual variety entertainment.

BILLIARDS.

THE ENGLISH CHAMPIONSHIP—ROBERTS DEFEATS COOK.

In the Banqueting Hall of the Gaiety Restaurant, London, Eng., on May 28, John Roberts Jr. signalized his return from Australia by defeating William Cook for the championship of England and $1,000. *Bell's Life* has the following in reference to the match, which is likely to be succeeded by another, as Cook is reported as intending to challenge the victor:

It was a thousand pities that, instead of agreeing to arrange an easier and more principal break—Roberts 41, 37, 70, 24, 31, 28, 36, 52, 35, 71, 32, 26, 118, 31. Cook: 59, 22, 24, 36, 29, 33, 45, 25. Commencing at 8 10 P. M. with the usual minute delay to make breathing worth no-thing, Roberts 17 being soon responded to by Roberts with 40—a lucky addition, as in the first stroke of this break he completely smothered Cook's ball, and, no notice being taken of the foul, the umpire left Cook dearly. From the first both men showed splendid play, but, assisted by a useful fluke or two, in the first 200 Roberts graduated to draw away from Cook, and at 204 led by 76 points. Cook, who throughout the evening had all the worst of the luck, played very steadily, and, answering Roberts' 37 with 36, 31, 30, 29, 36, and 30, contrived to get up to "215 all," and, adding 11, 9 and 36, was 50 ahead when the game was called.—Cook, 286; Roberts, 248. Cook had in the hundred and fifty-second break of 36 and 17, to Cook's 19 and 29, got the lead, and, increasing it by two splendid breaks of 35 and 71, had a balance of 100 to his interval occurred. On resuming play, Cook, for whom the balls broke very perversely, lost more ground, as Roberts scored 32, 26 and 20 to his 15, 14 and 22, and ended by making 65 to 635. Here is a specimen of play of science, Roberts put on 118, and rendered the result of the game almost a certainty. From this point play was very low, Cook, however, at 686 to 393 waking up, and lookl g like making a big break; but when he had compiled 45 the red ball caught in the angle of the baulk right-hand pocket, and spoilt the arrangement. Roberts, who was already on the scent, left Cook only a single to replace, and credited himself with 20 and 31; and, at 999 to 777—Cook having just scored up 25—he potted the white, and won by 223 points in 2h. 20m. from the start, allowing for the interval. The winner was much applauded, and deservedly. His winning breaks were marvelous, and the elegant, dashing style in which he made the most difficult strokes was truly wonderful. Cook's good judgment and delicacy of manipulation never showed to greater advantage. With bad luck and a great player in extraordinarily good form against him, he held steadfastly on his way, and manifestly did his best under very adverse circumstances. A good deal of money changed hands. Many thousands of persons were laid at 15 to 8 on Roberts at Manchester, and in the room a shade over that price always found takers.

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TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

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